WANTED: A BLONDE LEADING MAN -- See page 7

Movie Weekly

April 26, 1924

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The MEN that GIRLS Forget by Anna Q Nilsson

Why Women Love to Cry by Corinne Griffith

Mary Pickford
Photo by STRAUS PEYTON

Paramount Pictures

NEW PARAMOUNT PICTURES

Produced by
Famous Players-Lasky Corporation

Adolph Zukor and Jesse L. Lasky present
"DON'T CALL IT LOVE"
A WILLIAM deMILLE Production with Agnes Ayres, Jack Holt, Nita Naldi, Theodore Kosloff and Rod La Rocque. Screen play by Clara Beranger. From the novel "Rita Coventry" by Julian Street and play by Hubert Osborne.

Adolph Zukor and Jesse L. Lasky present
GLORIA SWANSON in "THE HUMMING BIRD"
A SIDNEY OLCOTT Production. From the Play by Maud Fulton Written for the screen by Forrest Halsey.

Adolph Zukor and Jesse L. Lasky present
Zane Grey's "THE HERITAGE OF THE DESERT"
An IRVIN WILLAT Production with Bebe Daniels, Ernest Torrence, Noah Beery and Lloyd Hughes. Written for the screen by Albert Shelby Le Vino.

Adolph Zukor and Jesse L. Lasky present
"FLAMING BARRIERS"
A GEORGE MELFORD Production with Jacqueline Logan, Antonio Moreno and Walter Hiers. By Byron Morgan. Written for the screen by Harvey Thew.

Adolph Zukor and Jesse L. Lasky present
THOMAS MEIGHAN in "PIED PIPER MALONE"
By Booth Tarkington. Adapted by Tom Geraghty. Directed by Alfred E. Green.

Adolph Zukor and Jesse L. Lasky present
POLA NEGRI in "SHADOWS OF PARIS"
A HERBERT BRENON Production. Supported by Adolphe Menjou, Charles de Roche and Huntly Gordon. Adapted by Fred Jackson from the play by Andre Picard and Francis Carco. Written for the screen by Eve Unsell.

Adolph Zukor and Jesse L. Lasky present
"BIG BROTHER" by Rex Beach
An ALLAN DWAN Production with Tom Moore, Raymond Hatton and Edith Roberts. Written for the screen by Paul Sloane

Adolph Zukor and Jesse L. Lasky present
Kate Jordan's "THE NEXT CORNER"
A SAM WOOD Production with Conway Tearle, Lon Chaney, Dorothy Mackaill, Ricardo Cortez and Louise Dresser. From the novel and play by Kate Jordan. Written for the screen by Monte Katterjohn.

Adolph Zukor and Jesse L. Lasky present
"THE STRANGER"
A JOSEPH HENABERY Production with Richard Dix, Betty Compson, Lewis Stone and Tully Marshall. From the story "The First and the Last," by John Galsworthy. Written for the screen by Edfrid Bingham.

Adolph Zukor and Jesse L. Lasky present
"ICE BOUND"
A WILLIAM deMILLE Production of the Pulitzer prize play by Owen Davis. With Richard Dix and Lois Wilson. Screen Play by Clara Beranger.

Adolph Zukor and Jesse L. Lasky present
"THE FIGHTING COWARD"
A JAMES CRUZE Production with Ernest Torrence, Mary Astor, Cullen Landis, Phyllis Haver, Noah Beery. By Booth Tarkington. Adapted by Walter Woods.

Adolph Zukor and Jesse L. Lasky present
CECIL B. DeMILLE'S PRODUCTION "TRIUMPH"
With Leatrice Joy, Rod La Rocque, Victor Varconi, Charles Ogle, Julia Faye, Theodore Kosloff, Robert Edeson and Raymond Hatton. By May Edginton. Adaptation by Jeanie Macpherson

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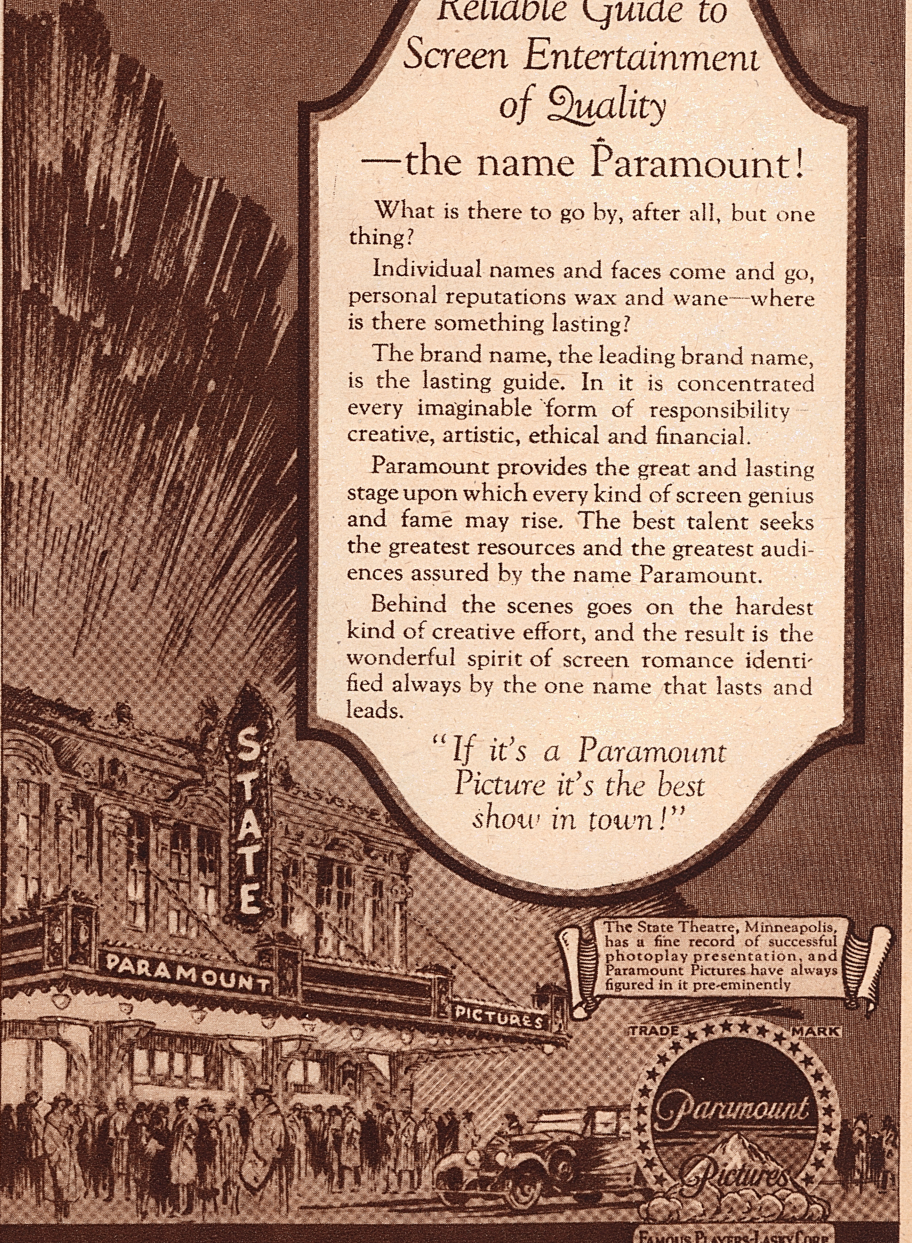

The State Theatre, Minneapolis, has a fine record of successful photoplay presentation, and Paramount Pictures have always figured in it pre-eminently

TRADE MARK
Paramount Pictures
FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORP.
ADOLPH ZUKOR–PRESIDENT
NEW YORK CITY

The MEN that GIRLS forget

by Anna Q. NILSSON

Charming *screen star* tells a thing or two about men who succeed in doing the rapid disappearing act in *every girl's* memory

***An interview with* Regina Cannon**

"When you meet a man," said *Miss Nilsson*, "you know almost instinctively whether you'll remember him or not."

WE FEEL much better about ourself. We're reassured, as it were. We're convinced that we're not as old as we sometimes feel, nor as *blasé* as we think we are, nor as hard-boiled as our friends consider us.

It is not to the advent of Spring that we are indebted for this fresh outlook on life in general. For Spring, we've decided, can be as unreliable as the best, or the worst of them—what with blizzards on April 1st, *et al.*

But the *pourquoi* of the "uplifted" feeling, the rejuvenation, or whatever the process of getting a fresh thrill out of life is called, is due solely, we are convinced, to our meeting with one delightfully buoyant Anna Q. Nilsson, who needs no introduction to you.

Miss Nilsson, we are sure, is serenely going on her way, unconscious of the fact that, with her intriguing personality, she gave a hardened interviewer a real thrill—which is no mean feat when one considers that interviewers meet "all comers" in the movie field and are paid in good American dollars to record their impressions of the famous.

In years to come, when we have forgotten the Patsy Millers and the Agnes Ayres, the charm and personality of Anna Q. Nilsson will stay bright in our memory. For, strangely enough, the dashing Anna Q. unwittingly takes on the importance of an event. She'd be as difficult to forget as the graduation dress or the engagement party.

For Miss Nilsson is different from all the others. She is entirely without pose or pretense. She has no affectations—no mannerisms. She impresses one by her "realness"—her "genuineness." She is frank and outspoken and doesn't worry about whether she is "going big" with her hearers. She has pride—fierce pride, not false; of which she may or may not be conscious. She is attractive in manner and appearance, and impresses one as being very much "worth while."

By now you probably think we've gone *completo nutto*, or run out of adjectives. We hasten to assure you that the latter is the case.

WE WERE lunching with Miss Nilsson at the Ritz one day last week, and the conversation, as it has a way of doing when girls get together, drifted around to the members of the unfair sex. We talked about the types of men we liked and the types of men we didn't like—and card-catalogued men in general.

"There are a lot of men we once knew that we can't even remember now," we said to Miss Nilsson, hoping to impress her with the infinite number of our past flames."

"You probably never intended to remember them," consoled the beautiful Anna, expertly winding the spaghetti around her fork. (How is it that some people can do everything—even to making elusive spaghetti behave?)

"Forgetting people," continued our hostess, "is entirely a conscious process. It isn't, as many people seem to think it, a slip of the mind. When you meet a man, you know (*Continued on page 29*)

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If your Income punch a

That's what Mary Pickford does

AT LEFT.

Mary Pickford, "America's Sweetheart," **whose yearly income exceeds $500,000, and who reports promptly for work at eight o'clock each morning.**

BELOW:

Between "takes" in *"Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall." Our Mary* is seen here consulting with the director about some technical details.

Startling fact revealed that *Our Mary* works harder than any laborer in *Hollywood*, despite the regal wage she receives of over half a million a year —Would you do likewise?

By T. Howard Kelly

DOUG FAIRBANKS started something, in my mind, when he casually told me a few days ago that Mary Pickford beat the clerks, stenographers and all other office workers to their job by an hour every morning. He said, in his machine-gun manner of speaking, that Mary punched the time clock in her Hollywood workshop at eight o'clock every day.

Like everybody else, I have always pictured Mary in the pictures—not in a room of swivel chairs, mahogany desks, clicking typewriters, and tingling telephones. It came hard to shut my eyes and create a vision of Mary in such surroundings at such an inconvenient hour, especially since the pessimists rate her annual influx of gold to be about five hundred thousand dollars. Consequently her husband's statement started what might properly be called a strain of reasonable doubt in my mind. Not that Doug had deliberately told me something not an exact fact. Perish the thought!

I simply doubted him because I thought that, perhaps, in the rush which is his natural state of existence, he had inadvertently beat the clock by an hour; or that in some inexplicable manner he had said eight instead of nine . . . or ten . . . or eleven. Figures are so flexible; so fleetingly shifty; and so hard for some people to remember. For example, dates and telephone numbers.

So, to tell the honest truth, just for the fun of the thing, of course, I decided to give Mary Pickford a ring down at the Ambassador Hotel on an afternoon when I was sure Doug would be busy with a radio speaking program. After I got her on the phone, it seemed too personal a thing to inquire into the matter of her daily rising, and going to work. I hemmed and hawed around, with the usual patter about weather, health, et cetera, et cetera, finally coming to the question of an appointment.

Of course Miss Pickford was busy. There were crowds in the palatial suite of which I shall speak sparingly, but expensively and luxuriously, later. There always is a jam in the Pickford-Fairbanks hotel flat, no matter how long they remain in New York. But by chipping a few minutes off of half a dozen other engagements, and by postponing a trip downtown for her passport, she managed to fix me up.

Now, mind you, I had no idea of trying to trip Douglas up in his statement when I asked my first question after shaking hands with Mary and her mother, and pinching the tail of her playful little wire-haired terrier. A word about the young canine aristocrat who makes his home atop the Ambassador. It is worth repeating, because Mary herself did the talking:

"Isn't he a little imp? Look at him now!" she cried.

I LOOKED. I saw the white rascal with brown and black markings, handspring from the Brussells-carpeted floor to a shiny mahogany table with all of the agility and acrobatic grace of his absent master. Once aboard the mahogany, the pup launched an attack against the sandwiches Miss Pickford had ordered up for the little orange pekoe feast that was 'nigh for those lucky enough to be in her company about four-thirty. It was then four-eighteen. I planned to hold the interview over until that magic half-hour, regardless.

"We must order more sandwiches now. What a little thief he is," (Mary called the lucky dog by his first name, but, to save my soul, I can't remember what it is at this writing.) "Well, there is one good thing about him," she said, looking playfully angry at the tail-wagging mongrel, "he never will need a permanent wave. Look at that hair bristle. It's positively like curled wire, isn't it?"

"It certainly is," I answered, suddenly realizing why he was called a wire-haired terrier.

Silence for a moment.

Then telephone bells. Doorbells. Calls for Miss Pickford. New faces glancing through the drawing room door en route to the waiting chamber.

was $500,000 a year would you Time Clock every Morning ?

All this time I am trying to phrase my question about the early rising, and eight o'clock work business, as carefully as possible. Finally I mobilized the proper words, and pronounced them with a slight smile.

I guess the smile was wrong. Mary seemed to gather some information about that doubt in my mind. But Mary is very human . . . very much like the rest of us. She makes allowances. Perhaps, after all, eight o'clock and an office did seem a bit incongruous, even to her, as we sat in a vast drawing room, plenty big enough to stage a small-sized dancing carnival. Perhaps the office and the mentioned hour did seem a trifle vague and distant. Hollywood was three thousand miles across the western trail . . . Hollywood . . . her workshop! And Mary was on a well-deserved vacation!

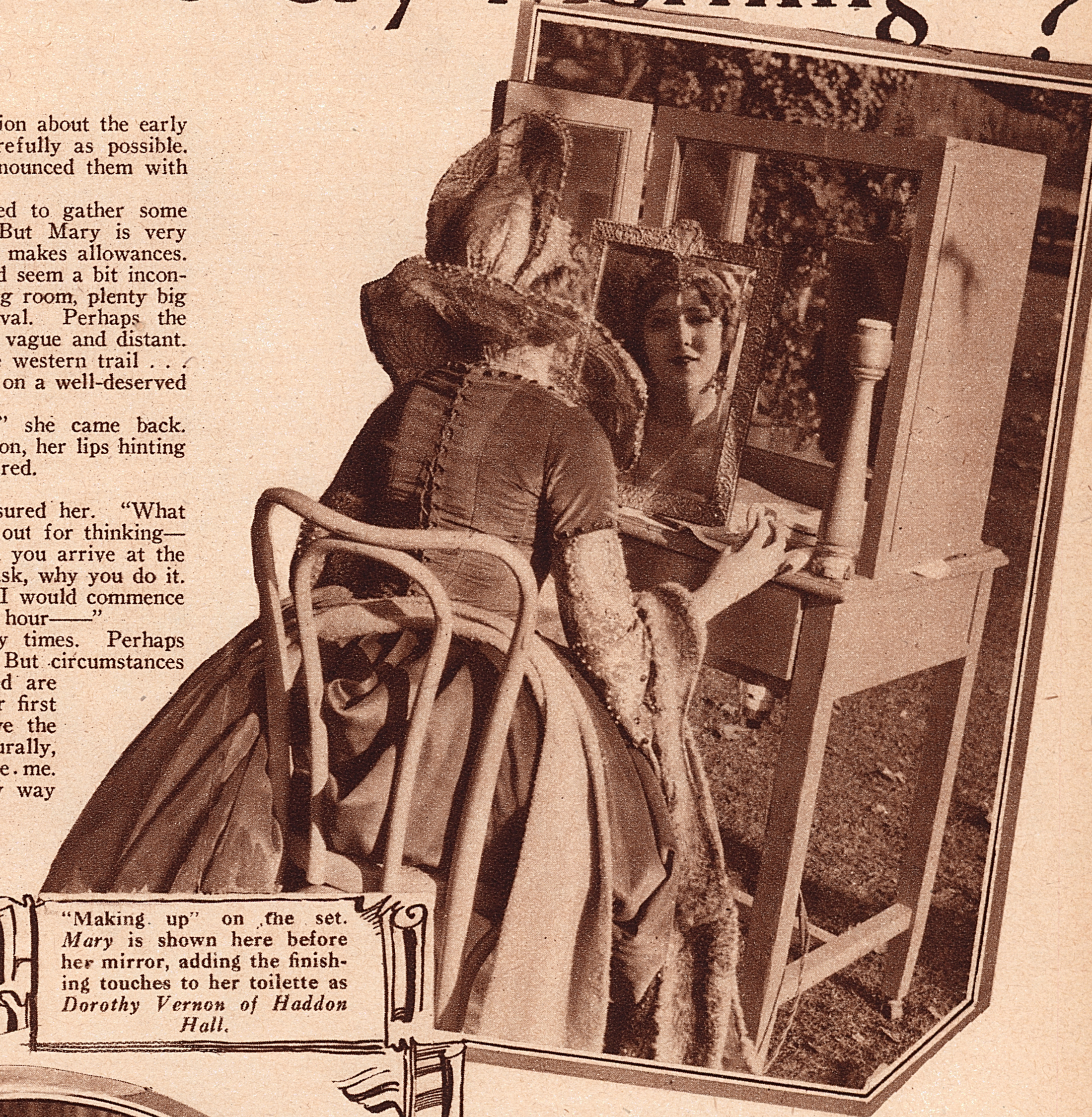
"You don't believe this, literally, I mean?" she came back. Before giving me a chance to answer, she went on, her lips hinting a smile, "But, Mr. Kelly, it IS true," she declared.

"OH, no doubt about that part of it," I assured her. "What I really came to find out about is"—time out for thinking—"is," I continued, "all about what you do when you arrive at the office so early; how you do it; and, if I may ask, why you do it. Personally, if I were you I do not believe that I would commence the daily struggle so near the average breakfast hour——"

"Yes, you would. I've heard that so many times. Perhaps I thought the same thing once upon a time. But circumstances alter cases. When you have big interests, and are wrapped up in them, heart, body and soul, your first thought is to make the effort that will achieve the highest objective of your interests. Mine, naturally, is to give my best to the picture effort before me. Getting down to my office at eight is the only way I can ever start a day and be sure of ending it per my schedule of planned work," she said.

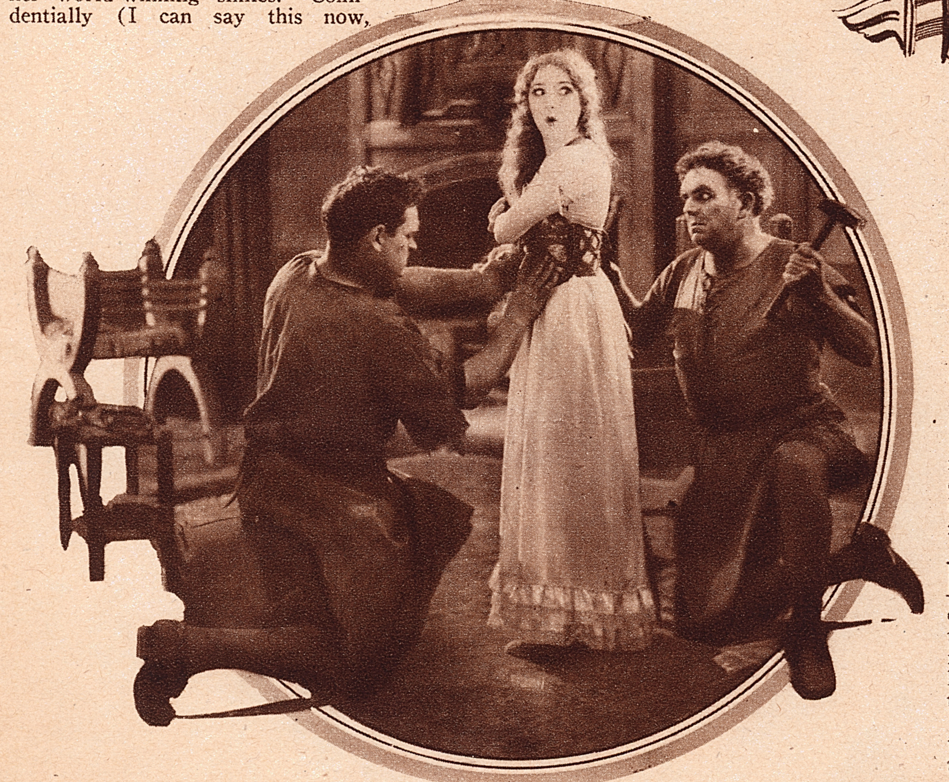
There was no argument after this. Mary knows whereof she speaks. She makes at least five hundred thousand per annum. She has had the opportunity of finding out for herself just how early one gets down to an office under such circumstances. Unfortunately, so far, I have not had the pleasure of such an experience.

"Will you have some tea, Mr. Kelly?" asked the famous Mary with one of her world-winning smiles. Confidentially (I can say this now, because Doug and Mary are just landing on the other side.) I am not much on the tea business. I lean more to a hardier liquid. Nothing but water passes my lips, water with plenty of iron and other strength-giving minerals in it. But tea time at Mary Pickford's is an exception, and anyhow, I had stalled around for the occasion. I had liked the looks of those sandwiches the pup mussed up.



"Making up" on the set. *Mary* is shown here before her mirror, adding the finishing touches to her toilette as *Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall.*

Tea, I took. A whole blooming cup of the smoking amber stu. And, a sandwich? No . . . three! The dog got fooled when he came my way begging. It was a long time to dinner. Mrs. Pickford came over and sat with us on the divan. She was in green . . . beaded green, I guess you would call it. I'm sorry for the girls who read this. I know they want to know all about the wonderful clothes Mary and her mother wore. But a man can't be expected to tell much about such things. Anyway, Mrs. Pickford's dress was green, and it was most becomingly draped to her figure, setting off, as it did, the brunette coloring of her hair. There—that's the best I can do. You'll have to use your imagination, girls—as to Mary. She has closets full of gorgeous clothes. But on the occasion of my visit, Mary was dressed in black . . . very dark black. And to my man's eye she made a most beautiful Mary in the dark black dress.



Another scene from *"Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall," Mary's* latest effort before the camera.

MRS. PICKFORD also gave me some information about Mary's going to the office at eight o'clock. I learned that on many mornings when Mary's picture work is in full blast that she is up and dressed by six o'clock. Of course her office is not in a building like the Woolworth Tower, and she doesn't have to fight her way into a subway or hang onto a street car to get there.

Mary's office is in a seven-room bungalow, just across the way from the big green studio where she and Doug have made their biggest and best film efforts. It has seven rooms, one of which is a kitchen. The others are, in rapid succession: Mary's office, a lounging room for conferences (*Continued on page 28*)

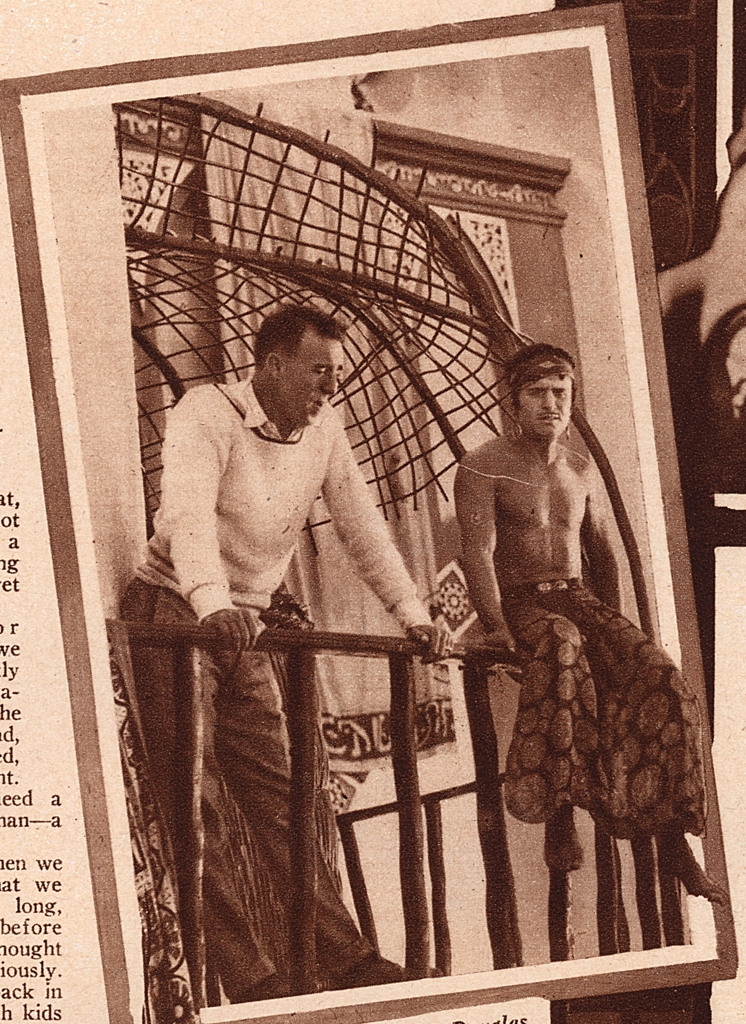
Carmel Myers
Photo by
CLARENCE S. BULL

WANTED: A Blonde Leading Man

Able young *movie director* who created *"The Thief of Bagdad"* says *screen* is suffering from lack of *new faces* —Chance for *blonde leading man*

By David A. Balch

"I think the time is wonderfully ripe," said *Mr. Walsh,* "for a blonde leading man—the sort of a man *Wallie Reid* was."



Raoul Walsh and Douglas Fairbanks, director and star of "The Thief of Bagdad."

THE screen, says Raoul Walsh, director extraordinary of Douglas Fairbanks' new picture, "The Thief of Bagdad," is sadly in need of new faces. And now, according to young Mr. Walsh, if ever, there is needed a blonde leading man who will step in and fill the niche left vacant by the late Wallace Reid.

So, boys, get ready. If there be one among you who is easy for the girls to look at, whose locks are not ebon, and who has a pleasant, engaging smile, he may yet star in pictures.

Thus Director Walsh, whom we lunched with recently at that gilded caravansary called the Hotel Algonquin, and, all things considered, we believe he is right. The screen does need a blonde leading man—a blonde male star.

We discovered, when we met Mr. Walsh, that we had known him a long, long while ago, before anyone had even thought of the movies seriously. It must have been back in 1906. We were both kids then, and George Walsh, who is now a movie star, was known as Little Georgie. We have never forgotten one thing that, in the course of an evening's talk, Walsh said to us. It was, "Read Bernard Shaw."

Now in 1906, Bernard Shaw was a struggling playwright, and most of the struggling was done with the police. It was the year, if we recall correctly, that "Mrs. Warren's Profession" was produced, and it lasted for but one performance. Tickets for the performance sold as high as fifty dollars. Nowadays it would seem tame stuff. Then it was rougher than the Atlantic Ocean.

But the point we're making is—in 1906 few people in America read Bernard Shaw, least of all, few young people. He was not the vogue, the fetish, that he is today. And in 1906 Raoul Walsh advised us to "read Bernard Shaw."

A psycho-analyst now might take this fact and use it as the basis for Mr. Walsh's success in the movies. Be this as it may, we think that in the head of this able young director of "The Thief of Bagdad," there was operating eighteen years ago a brain that was eminently keen in its faculty of selection, and that this self-same faculty played an important part in his subsequent career.

"How did you do it?" we asked him, after we had shaken hands with Henry Clive, the artist, and had him join the party.

Mr. Walsh grinned.

"Well, I began as an actor," he told us. "You know, I've tried about everything, and then I got the opportunity to go with D. W. Griffith. That started me in a real way on my picture career."

"Well," we observed, "you've certainly directed the biggest picture of the year. It ought to put you in a fair way toward sitting pretty."

"No," he countered, "you can never sit back and rest, so to speak. The moment you do that, you begin to slip."

"But aren't you tired after doing 'The Thief?'" we questioned, having in mind the magnitude of the production, with all its multiplicity of detail.

Walsh laughed.

"WE WERE 'all in'—all of us," he chuckled, "even Doug. Why, when we were on the last lap of things, the nervous strain became so acute that we were actually scrapping with each other. Whenever Doug would see this, he'd order a lay-off, in which we'd spend the rest of the day playing some sort of a game. It was the most delightful condition I've ever worked under. It was hard work and it was play, and after the day was over, you didn't know whether you'd been working hard or playing hard. All you knew was you were dead tired." He chuckled again.

"What do you think of the movies just at this particular time?" we asked.

"Well," he answered, "I suppose that means the human element, for people aren't interested in much else. I think the time is wonderfully ripe for a blonde leading man—the sort of man Wallie Reid was—big, handsome and clean-cut.

"You know," he continued, "things move in cycles and the public tires quickly of any one particular fad."

(Continued on page 30)

Why all Women love to Cry

by Corinne GRIFFITH

Charming *film star*, who is shortly to leave *screen*, tells why members of *her own sex* delight in lachrymose tendency

By Alma Talley

"Give any woman a choice between a comedy and a tragedy," said *Miss Griffith*, "and she'll choose the tragedy every time."

WHEN you go to see one of those weepy pictures in which the heroine dies at the end and you shed a week's supply of tears into the handkerchief Aunt Maude gave you for Christmas—did it ever occur to you that you *enjoy* weeping? That is, if you're a girl. Most of the boys don't cry, anyhow. But if you have a weepy nature, you never stopped to think, did you, that you might actually take pleasure in crying, just as some of these hotel-porch-summer-resort women get a thrill out of all the operations they've had!

That, in fact, is why tragedies are so popular with the women. They get a real joy out of crying, according to Corinne Griffith.

"That old song, ending, 'And women must weep,'" said Corinne, "was no doubt meant to be tragic. At least, I'm quite sure the author intended it to be so. But he didn't know women! Of course it's possible that women have changed since then, since the time the song was written."

"But they probably haven't changed for the 'weepier,'" it was pointed out. "Whatever changes have occurred in women's temperaments have been away from the old-time hysterics and fainting. Women have become more self-reliant, and less tearful."

"Yes," Miss Griffith admitted, "but they still like to weep. They are never happier than when they are weeping. That sounds rather involved and paradoxical, but it is quite true.

"Another paradox," Miss Griffith pointed out, "is that men, who are called the sterner sex, should laugh more than women. It is a well-known fact that it is the men who most enjoy the musical comedies and farces, because they can enjoy an evening of laughter.

"But just give most any woman a choice between seeing comedy and tragedy! She'll pick the tragedy every time, where she can weep and enjoy herself to the utmost. Of course the best combination is a play, book or picture which has a great deal of pathos in it, but which comes out all right at the finish. This gives the women their chance to cry over it, but leaves them with a feeling of happy relief."

THE happy relief, incidentally, is probably one reason that women enjoy crying. Of course there's the old truism that some people are happiest when they're miserable, and this is true of many women. It makes them feel noble, even martyred, when they're miserable—like the old days when over-religious men went about in sackcloth and ashes and felt very noble in so humbling themselves.

That, probably, is the same sort of feeling which makes some women enjoy being miserable. But that's not the only reason.

Another reason that women get so much pleasure out of crying is that it is an emotional outlet for them. Women have more highly-strung nervous systems than men, and weeping is a sort of safety-valve, a let-down. Did you ever get so nervous you just got all wound up until things suddenly snapped? Then a good old-fashioned cry seemed to ease things a little? "That's right, cry," our grandmothers used to tell us; "it'll do you good."

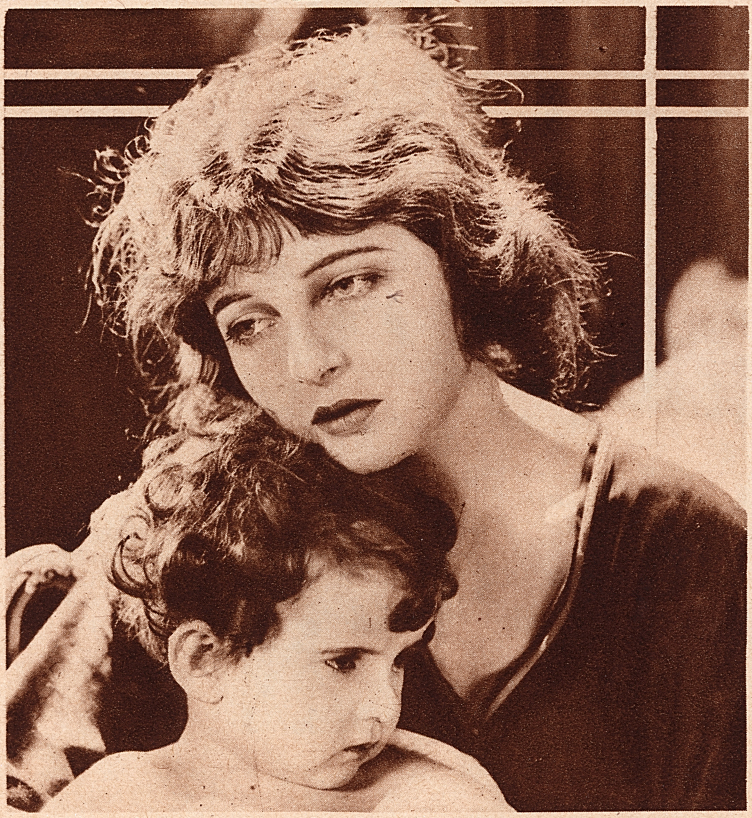
They didn't know much of psychology in our grandmother's day, but they hit on a truth through actual experience. Weeping does us good. Nothing is so refreshing and affords so much relaxation as a good old-fashioned cry!

Men are more easy-going, less taut than women, by nature. And less emotional. That is why men seldom cry.

"But that doesn't mean that men never can be stirred to tears," said Miss Griffith. "If a grief is strong enough, they will weep. If a moment in a play or picture is intensely poignant, probably many large handkerchiefs in the audience will be pulled out and put to work surreptitiously drying tears. Most men, of course, are intensely humiliated if they are caught in the act of weeping."

"IN 'Lilies of the Field,'" she said, "Mr. William Hurlburt has written a play, and John Francis Dillon has created a picture, which is poignant enough to bring out all the feminine handkerchiefs in the audience, and half the masculine ones. Even the most hard-hearted of men is likely to find himself weeping, if he isn't careful."

"Lilies of the Field" refers, of course, to those who "toil not, neither do they spin." In it, Corinne plays a tears-guaranteed role of a mother who is separated from her baby and the husband she loves. But, of course, it all comes right in the end, and Corinne marries Conway Tearle, which is a happy enough ending for any girl fan of the movies.



Corinne Griffith in an appealing scene of mother-love from "Lilies of the Field."

"Cake-eaters no longer popular with FLAPPERS!" says Conway TEARLE

Masculine idol of many young girls' hearts tells why *younger set* have forsaken *youths* of their *own age* and have turned to *older type of men*

"Young girls like an older man," said *Mr. Tearle*, "because of the feminine instinct which prompts them to feel in him a protector."

By Grace Kingsley

THE cake-eater as a hero is out of favor with the flappers.

Flappers now like their screen heroes sophisticated! Or at least full of character and experience. Conway Tearle, Percy Marmont, Thomas Meighan, Lewis Stone, Adolphe Menjou—all these are the rage now, with the former handsome juvenile stars playing supporting roles to the chief hero.

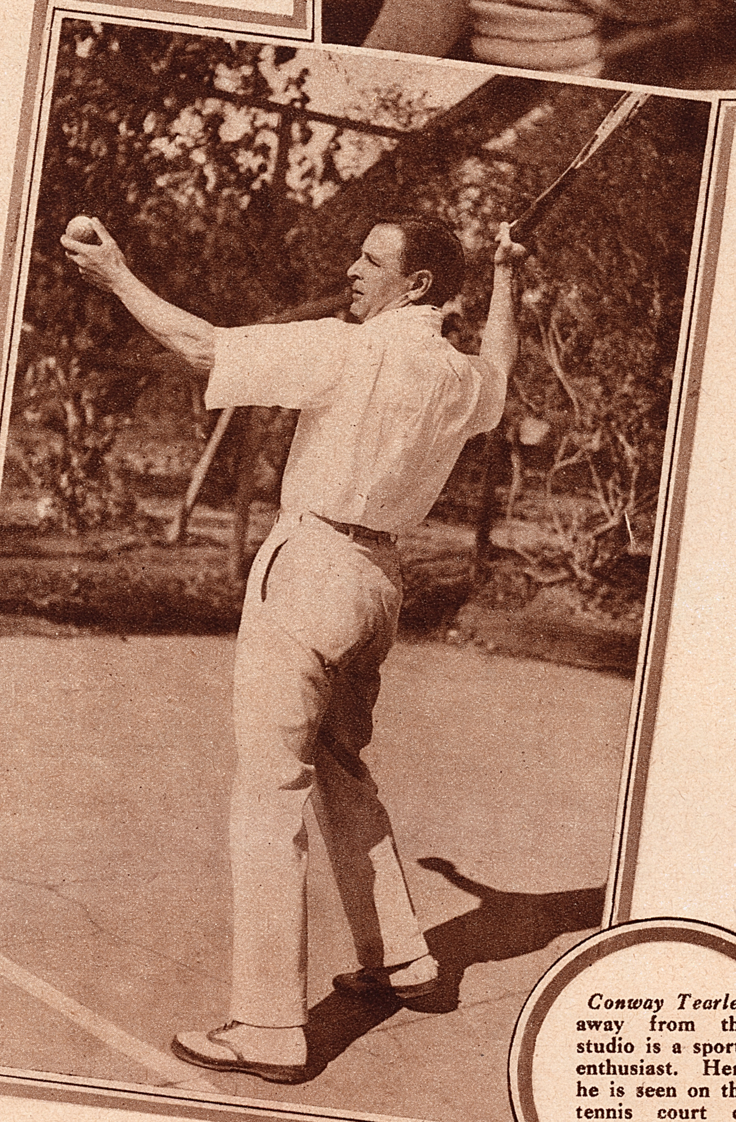
It was with Conway Tearle that the rage started for heroes over thirty. But the producers and directors didn't at first see the handwriting on the wall. They thought it was merely because he was Conway Tearle, whereas the youthful imagination was as a matter of fact fired by his appearance of sophistication, coupled with his magnetism. Of course that isn't all, by a long ways. He is a very fine actor.

Tearle himself had to be drawn out tactfully, because he is a modest sort of fellow.

"Maybe what you say is true," confessed Tearle. "But I'll tell you what it is: These young girls like an older man, not entirely because of the mystery of sophistication that surrounds him, but because of the feminine instinct which prompts them to feel in him a protector. For the younger man she has no such feeling, naturally. She rather mothers him. But sometimes I feel that there is a reactionary sentiment setting in among young girls. — they aren't finding their new-born freedom altogether delightful, after all. Young womanhood is returning to normal; in other words, girls are appreciating their homes and the protection of home more than they did a while ago. At least that is the way I explain the growing popularity of the older men on the screen. It isn't just that they are so strong for us,—it is what we at least seem to represent."

Which is really awfully modest of Mr. Tearle, since he is known to be a flappers' idol.

"Maybe, too," he went on, still more modestly, "it is because older people are beginning to go to plays,—the films are growing up and giving the fans grown-up stories—that the over-thirty heroes are coming into vogue."



Conway Tearle away from the studio is a sports enthusiast. Here he is seen on the tennis court of his *California* home.

Mr. Tearle had just been arguing with his director, Jack Dillon, about a point in the story, "Lillies of the Field," which they are putting on the screen, and both were rather temperamental for the moment. The point was as to whether, when a girl whom Tearle had been trying to win without marriage, came finally to him, bitterly disillusioned about men, offering herself to him, he would, finding her in that mood, kiss her. Especially as in the meantime, he had decided that she was a nice girl, and had mentally relinquished the chase. Tearle thought he wouldn't. I agreed with him. But his director didn't seem to. Jack seemed to think that man would kiss a girl any time he got a chance!

BUT all this is beside the question. I'm only telling you about it just to show that Tearle is playing more and more sophisticated roles— and in losing none of his popularity. Also that no matter how sophisticated the role, he treats it with discrimination and delicate consideration.

He had to leave me then to go into the scene. And I believe he won his way about the kissing.

"Young women," he went on when he had finished the scene, "no matter how great their desire for freedom and a career, "are extremely sensitive to a jarring note; their instincts are strong, their perceptions delicate; they shrink from the brutal note."

Then he had to leave me for more battle in argument and more work, but not until he had concluded: "Down deep in her heart every girl is romantic, no matter how much she may put on the bravado, and conceal the fact with bobbed hair, a career, and cigarettes. That is why costume plays have had such a vogue. A girl could indulge her love of romanticism because it was camouflaged in other-day clothes."

Tearle has had some of his greatest triumphs in costume pictures, because he is peculiarly suited to wearing the graceful garments of long ago, as well as because he has a temperamental flair for romantic roles. He played with Constance Talmadge in the "Dangerous Maid," with Norma Talmadge in "The Eternal Flame," and with Pola Negri in "Bella Donna."

And now comes the amazing part. Girls, don't crash your

(*Continued on page 29*)

My own story of my

Rudy and *Natacha* pause briefly on their way from *Genoa* to *Castellaneta, Italy*

Popular screen star and his charming wife are back once more in the land of his nativity, Italy—Rudy takes in old landmarks with fascinated interest—Italy, his homeland, receives him calmly but affectionately

A distant panoramic view of *Castellaneta, Italy,* where *Rudolph Valentino* was born.

Milan, September 1st.

UPON re-reading the last words jotted down in my diary, I find myself, tongue in cheek, gleefully recounting a childhood prank, shared, as was the immemorial childish custom, with my sister, Maria.

I left myself in grandiloquent pose, smoking my father's forbidden pipe, and trying to be very much the man of parts and of the world.

Maria was regarding me, the slow light of a new interest and respect dawning in her eyes. I, who had striven so mightily, so many times in vain, to achieve just that look!

And then . . . and then . . . a ghastly pallor began to overspread my erstwhile defiant visage. My stomach, that traitorous organ of the most valiant system, proceeded to betray me. I knew that again a malignant fate was about to prove my undoing. I saw Maria's eyes waver and leave my face with that little look of mingled superiority, contempt and compassion that said, "Oh, you can't do it, after all, can you?" and just as miserable, I carefully proceeded to replace the pipe upon the desk, I felt, rather than saw, the stern black eyes of my father riveted upon me from the doorway.

I made an attempt at insouciance, inclining my head pleasantly and trying to gulp out a few casual words. What I managed to say was, "I don't think I feel very well. I——" But I needn't have troubled, for my father's eyes of a physician had already diagnosed my misdemeanor and the resultant plight. Even if my face had not given me away, the cussed pipe kept emitting tell-tale wreaths of smoke that curled up to the ceiling in what seemed to me to be the most gigantic spirals I had ever witnessed.

Well, needless for me to jog my memory farther. It serves me all too well. Instead of being the hero of a daring bit of "business," as we say in films, I became the central figure of a most distressing comedy. A comedy to all save me. But it was sufficient to save me from the caning I should otherwise have been the just recipient of. My father seemed to feel that my miserable contortions were punishment enough, and doubtless felt that his pipe was safe from me from that time forth. He was quite right!

I abandoned smoking as the "grande gesture" for some years to come!

I consoled myself by remembering that Maria, when all was said and done, was only my sister, and that an opportunity to distinguish myself would doubtless present itself when I should have a more discerning and appreciative audience.

But my youthful philanderings never met with very much success. Rather, putting the cart before the horse, I have shown how frequently ignominious I was made to appear before the eyes of Elisa, the cook's daughter, at the Agricultural College. What with calves bursting out of barn doors, hiding in mangers the better to proclaim my love, and such-like things! And when, at six, my very first love entered my heart and life, I didn't fare much better.

THE name of this fair charmer I recall very well indeed. It was such music to my infant lips that it has tinkled in my mind ever since, faint and sweet and faraway. Teolinda! Teolinda! What more charming name to teach the embryo man the whole musical score of love!

Teolinda was older than I. I had a *penchant* for "older women." She was nine when I was six. And she was carved out of warm ivory, with long, flowing black hair and corresponding eyes. Teolinda had a sister who was as ugly as Teolinda was beautiful. And they were always and inevitably together.

When I first fell in love with Teolinda, I was a timid swan, content to live my love at a remote distance, merely feasting my eyes upon the fair one's face.

But time wears away the patience of six years with astonishing rapidity. And there came the time when I desired to put my love to the touch, so to speak.

I began to haunt Teolinda's house. One day, after several days of such hauntings, I was enchanted to observe my Amaryllis shyly coming toward me from her front doorstep. I brazenly and rather too loudly pronounced her magic name. She gave me one affrighted look, turned from me, dashed up the steps and, before I quite knew what it was all about, the ugly sister had pounced upon me and gave me such a pummelling and trouncing and scratching as quite battered my premature passion out of me.

I crept away, scarred and disillusioned. I would

TRIP ABROAD BY Rudolph VALENTINO

have no more of love, forsooth! I was done with women! I would stick to the eminently more satisfactory company of my own kind, my own sex!

All these things and many more of them came back to me in those first few moments with Maria. We kept up a constant battery of "Do you remember this?" and "Oh, do *you* remember *that?*" Now and then the equally ready tears would come, because of a memory shared in madness.

Since my mother passed away, Maria has gone through a lot of suffering. She was left quite alone at my mother's death. My brother is married and living quite a distance from her and such relatives as we have in Italy are distant connections and not especially congenial with Maria.

MARIA was in France when the War broke out. Before her death, quite a little while before, my mother had gone to France for her health. Three years later she passed away and my sister, only twenty years of age at the time, was left there alone, with everything to attend to.

All that loneliness and trouble had changed her a great deal. She was a kid when I left her, and I found her a serious young woman with some of the light quenched in her dark eyes.

Maria and Natacha and I finally settled down to a long talk, involving plans for Maria's future. We decided that she must go to Nice, to Mr. and Mrs. Hudnut, and rest for a year, at least. While she is with them, she will go up to the mountains for another change. She is not very strong in constitution and I told her firmly that she must not think of working again, for a year at least.

She has been holding down the job of general secretary to a large firm of silk and cotton manufacturers, and it was quite a position of trust, responsibility and hard work for a girl of twenty-four. She is a hard worker, and with that and the damp climate, her health has suffered terribly. Now that I am in a position to help her, I am going to see that she gets on her feet again, so to speak, before she undertakes to do anything again.

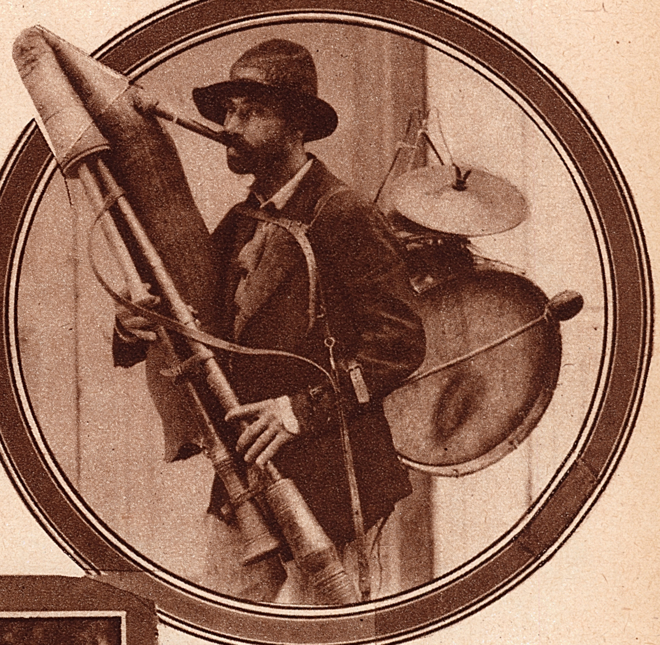
She told me that she *wants* to do something; that she would loathe being idle; and in that I agreed with her. She is much like the American girls in her desire to be doing something, something on her own account. However comfortable I might make her, she wouldn't feel the same as if she were doing something for herself. By her own efforts. A girl is like a man in that respect, nowadays. After she has worked for six years, she would never be content sitting around in idleness.

Natacha and I told her to think it all over during this coming year of idleness and rest, and try to decide what she would most like to do in order to be independent and busy. Then I want her to rely on herself. I want her to be self-sufficient. I believe in that for women. Quite in the same light as I believe in it for men. But the first thing she has got to do is to get her health in shape. One works on a shaky foundation when one works with an enfeebled body. There is no economy in that.

There are so many things that Maria can do: She does the most beautiful embroidery of all kinds. Even knitted embroidery.. Laces. *Filets.* In France that was all she had to do, and she perfected that, certainly.

She learned shorthand and typewriting all by herself. She studied the violin at the same time. The shorthand came in very nicely because after six months she got the position of private secretary to the owner of this big, industrial firm, and, after a year, the higher job of general secretary. The owner hardly went to the office at all. She had the responsibility of the whole thing on her shoulders.

WITH so many vacations and avocations to choose from, I told her that I thought she should concentrate on some one of them, the one she felt most keenly like doing, the one that would bring her, at one and the same time, the most money and the most pleasure into her life.



A street musician in *Florence, Italy.* This gentleman takes the place of our own street hand organ.

BELOW: On the road to *Florence, Italy. Rudy* is photographed between two friendly bullocks.

We finally concluded that part of the conversation by the decision for Maria to stay a year with the Hudnuts resting and vacationing, and at the end of that time I would help her, if necessary, to get into the kind of work she should eventually decide upon.

Of course, she asked me all kinds of questions about my work, and I told again the story of my arrival in America, the days of starvation and discouragement, the beginnings that seemed to get nowhere, the final landing upon my feet. She wanted to know all about how pictures are made, about the other stars, the directors, the studios. She wanted to hear all about June Mathis and the part she had played and played so definitely in my "discovery," and then told me that she had never seen a picture of mine, but had gained all her knowledge of my activities through the fan magazines and newspapers I had sent her, and from my letters. She intimated that she got most of her knowledge from the magazines and papers. Like most of my sex, I am, I suppose, neither a very frequent nor a very prolific letter writer.

THE third day we were in Milan, I arranged to have my sister see "The Four Horsemen." I asked an official connected with the industry to have a copy of the film shown her, and through his courtesy it was run for her. But the projection room had no light, and the picture was so badly cut that my Aunt, who was (*Continued on page 27*)

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Milton SILLS tells how "The SEA HAWK" was made

Milton Sills, who has forsaken the roles of the wholesome young *American* for that of an *English* nobleman of olden times.

Screen *favorite* relates methods employed during *filming* of *Sabatini novel* in which he plays the *leading part*

By Ruth Mabrey

MILTON SILLS is paying his first visit to New York in five years, vacationing, after his strenuous work in Rafael Sabatini's "The Sea Hawk." He was in the office of First National Pictures when I saw him.

"Oh, a real Western sombrero!" I said indicating his hat, which was lying on the table.

"Yes," he explained. "I thought that hat was quite modestly small, as sombrero's go, but I find that everybody in New York stares at it."

Mr. Sills, oddly enough, does not look like the kind of man who would wear a sombrero—that is, he isn't the wild and wooly, Western cowboy type. He is rugged looking, however, and doesn't in the least resemble the college professor he started out to be in his younger days. He was quietly and tastefully dressed, very much at ease, very charming.

"I'd lik to tell you something about 'The Sea Hawk'," he said. "I think it's a wonderful picture; the story is marvelously suited to the movies.

"It takes place in the Renaissance period, and we had to use four ships of the period in making the picture. First, there was a Moorish galley—a boat with sail and oar power—, then a Spanish galleon, (a large edition of a galley), an English frigate, and an English ship."

Then he went on to tell me that it cost two hundred thousand dollars to fit up the vessels, as several of them were converted from something else. The galleon, for instance, started out in life as a San Diego ferry boat. The top deck was taken off and holes were cut in the sides for the oars. (Such boats, of course, were manned by about two hundred oarsmen.) The masts of the ship were left intact, while ancient rigging and painted sails were added.

"I wish the screen could show those beautifully painted sails," Mr. Sills said with enthusiasm. "Sails were always painted, during the period in which the story takes place. They were very colorful, with arabesques of blues and greens and oranges. The effect is surprisingly beautiful; it is too bad that the color is lost in the picture."

THE English ship was a converted United States sub-chaser. The English frigate, which was the warship of the period, was armed with cannon wired in such a way that one or both broadsides could be fired at once by a central switchboard. The director quite possibly would be half a mile away on one of the other ships directing the action by means of an army semaphore.

"Sometimes we had to wait hours before all the conditions were favorable for photographing a scene," Mr. Sills commented. "There were six different factors that had to be taken into consideration for the camera. First, of course, they had to get the desired ship into the range of the camera, the right distance away and facing the right direction. That, of course, was not so difficult. It was the factors beyond our control that slowed up the action. The sun had to be at just the proper angle for the camera, the sails had to be filled—imagine waiting for the wind to be obliging and fill the sails!—the two hundred rowers had to be in their places, pulling in unison. You can see what an undertaking it was to have everything just so. And for every hour we had to sit around and wait the extras who manned the boats—those two hundred oarsmen, and so on—were being paid seven fifty and ten dollars apiece. You can imagine how fast this made the cost of production mount up."

Milton Sills and Enid Bennett in a dramatic scene from *"The Sea Hawk."*

For the benefit of those who haven't read "The Sea Hawk," here is, briefly, what it's all about.

Milton plays Sir Oliver Tressilian, an English nobleman, who is wrongly suspected of the murder of his sweetheart's brother. The murder was really committed by his brother Lionel—"admirably played by Lloyd Hughes," Mr. Sills explained. Lionel, to prevent discovery, has Sir Oliver shanghaied by a villainous sea captain, "admirably played by Wallace Beery"—again quoting Mr. Sills.

Anyway, there are all sorts of sea-going adventures with pirates in which Milton is chained to the oars as a galley slave, until he finally becomes a pirate leader himself and captures his sweetheart and Lionel as they are about to be married.

Of course there's a great deal more to it than that, but this is enough to give you an idea of what a colorful, adventurously fascinating picture it is. Enid Bennett plays the sweet-

(*Continued on page 26*)

Study your own Make-up — if you're going in the Movies

by Alyce Mills

Read what this *beauty contest winner* did when she went to *Hollywood* and appeared in the *studio* with her *make-up* on—It taught her a thing or two

As related to Victoria Willis

WHEN you see a movie star in person and say to yourself, "Oh, she's not nearly so pretty as she looks on the screen," do you ever stop to figure out how she gets that way—on the screen? What she does to her face to make it photograph so well?

"Oh, it's just the way she makes up," you probably say to yourself wisely and cease to wonder.

But that phrase, "the way she makes up," has a world of meaning. It's all right to dismiss it with a shrug—but did you ever try to do it, for the movies? The general idea is that if you ever did achieve a role in pictures, one of the extras would show you how to make up. No doubt—that is, after a fashion. At least an extra could show you the proper kind of grease paint to use—but that is a long, long way from what would be the best make-up for you, individually and personally. Making up is an art, on which largely depends a screen aspirant's success, photographically. And it's something that each newcomer in the movies has to work out for himself, by months of experimenting.

Alyce Mills was telling me about it, one day over the luncheon table at the Fox studio. Alyce is playing the lead in Elmer Clifton's new picture there, "Crossed Wires," and she is still new enough to the screen to remember all the details of "learning the ropes" in the studios—things that most stars have long since forgotten.

"I thought it was simply hopeless, trying to get the proper make-up to use," said Alyce. "In my first pictures I was made up by various people around the studio, including even the director, but somehow we just couldn't get it right.

"In the first place we had a terrible time getting the grease paint fixed right, around my eyes. You know lots of people use pink on their eyelids, and then others use black underneath the eyes. Both of these are supposed to make one's eyes photograph larger.

"But you should have seen the way my photographs looked when I was made up like that. With black under the eyes, my cheeks looked gaunt, and hollow. And the pink on my eyelids wouldn't do either. My eyes looked like great holes in my face."

"How did you finally find out how to make them up?" I asked.

"Well, I just tried one thing after another. When one sort of make-up wouldn't work, I tried something else, until I got something that would. I find my eyes take best with no make-up at all, except the usual mascara on my lashes and an eyebrow pencil to shape the brows properly. Of course the grease paint covers up one's natural brows anyhow.

Alyce Mills who won a beauty contest and then became a movie actress

"When one sort of make-up wouldn't work," said *Miss Mills*, "I tried something else, until I got something that would."

"And then my mouth. I had to work and work to get it shaped properly for the camera. I have rather a large mouth and every time I laughed it looked enormous. But I finally achieved the make-up I have on now. I put my lip stick on in a sort of Cupid's bow shape just in the center of my mouth, so that it looks small in the pictures.

"You see I have baby teeth," she continued, "and my gums show when I laugh. I have to watch that all the time, because gums show up black in the picture.

"The color of one's powder is another thing that calls for a lot of thought and experimenting. I worked and worked until I found the right shade. The brownish shade many screen people use made me look too dark." (Miss Mills is a blonde.)

"Finally, I hit upon this pinkish shade and it seems to be the color I need."

And so, her make-up complete is: cold cream as a foundation, a pinkish grease paint and powder combination, lip stick, eye brow pencil and mascara.

Miss Mills, you may or (*Continued on page 25*)

How a Screen Star's cold cost $10,000 a day

Dashing, debonair *Lowell Sherman*, whose sore lip prevented him from playing king before the camera.

Blemish on lip of *Lowell Sherman* causes suspension in *production plans* at *Famous Players-Lasky* studio — *Star* is screenically *hors d'combat*

By Horace T. Jenkins

THE world, and movie fans in particular, are often forced to an incredulous gasp at the purported cost of some pictures. Especially when the alleged production expense runs wild past the million dollar signs. A great many of us have come to the point of knocking off a few pennies here and there from the advertised cost of movies. But, regardless of whether or not we believe the actual figures printed in this respect, it is highly interesting to learn just what are some of the unusual, unheard of, and unexpected things that increase a feature's cost by tens of thousands of dollars.

When Famous started Rudolph Valentino back to the screen in "Monsieur Beaucaire,' 'Adolph Zukor and Jesse Lasky, bosses of the Famous studios, agreed to risk a small gold mine on the production. But they made the risk of money calculatingly. They know that the story cost so much; that the costumes would cost an approximate amount; the big salaries were figured. In other words before the first scene was shot at the Long Island studios the total cost of the picture had been figured approximately, and jotted down on paper.

Bebe Daniels, Rudy and Lowell Sherman who was cast for the gay and debonair monarch, got a running start on the story and things were going along under full speed until Fate threw its famous monkey wrench into the wroks.

Lowell Sherman telephoned the studio manager one fine morning that he could not play king that day.

The studio manager thinking in terms of expenses figured immediately that Mr. Sherman's absence would hold up production to the tune of ten thousand dollars per day. He became vitally interested in the reason for Mr. Sherman's staying away.

"And why can't you play king?" he demanded.

"Because I can't make-up," was the mysterious answer.

"Can't make-up?" repeated the studio boss. It is not known whether or not he asked the majestic Lowell if sudden arm paralysis had developed. But, it is possible that such a question came to his mind. However, he demanded an explanation.

"I have a perfectly terrible cold sore," blurted Mr. Sherman, "It is very large and annoying. And, what is worse, I fear I am going to have a lot of little ones. There are signs to this effect."

In spite of this condition he agreed to run over to the studio and exhibit his cause for holding up work. You see, at this particular point the Valentino feature was in the midst of court. Rudy was playing lover and romancer incognito right under the king's eye. The sets for other scenes had not been completed. There was nothing to do but put "Monsieur Beaucaire" on the loafing list on the debit side of the ledger, if Mr. Sherman had reported his trouble accurately.

Lowell Sherman as he appears in *"Monsieur Beaucaire,"* playing opposite *Rudolph Valentino*.

Directors, members of the cast, and the dispairing studio manager diagnosed Mr. Sherman's trouble as a condition reculting from cold sores. The little signs had blossomed into being on the way over. Then, to be sure, they called in the studio first-aid men and a doctor. These gentlemen confirmed the verdict.

Sherman could not make-up on account of his condition in the first place, and in the second place it would not have been quite the right thing for him to have played king with cold sores. So, it was decided anyway as no one at Famous Players seemed to think a king can have cold sores. They probably figured that monarchs are immune to such things, and just let it go at that.

AS they say in the subtitles, days drifted into weeks.

Two of them to be very exact! Personally I am not given to the working of mathematical problems. My multiplication in this instance may be groggy. But, since the printer is waiting for this story I will have to let you figure out accurately the additional cost of this picture for yourself. If Tom Liddy, the make-up man, who really edits Movie Weekly when Mr. Balch is not looking, were here, I would have to give him the correct amount. But a hundred thousand is close enough.

Think of that! One hundred thousand dollars for a few cold sores on an actor's face! Of course there are one or two of us left who might have con-

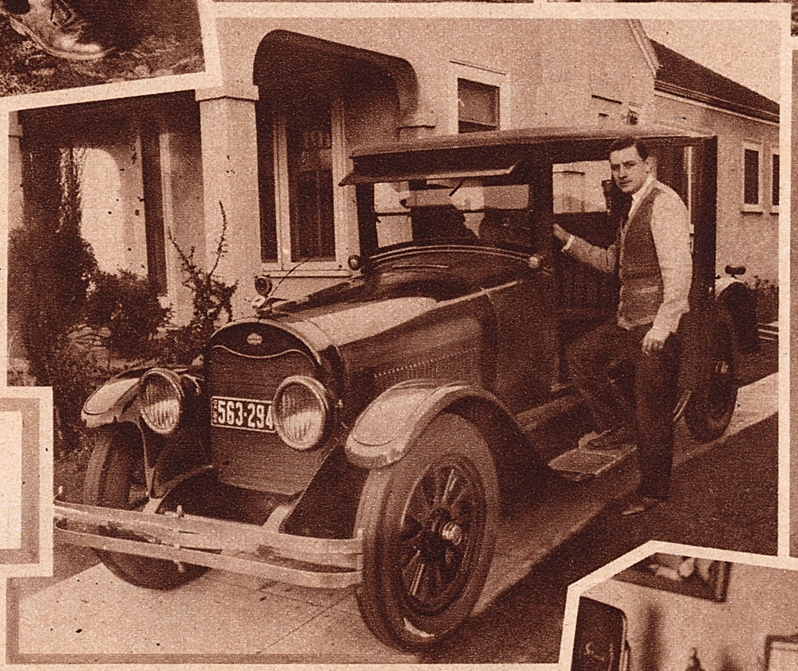
(Continued on page 26)

Kenneth HARLAN at HOME

Popular young *screen star* revealed at home in his *Hollywood* Bungalow.

"Music hath charms"—but the music has nothing on *Kenneth* whose charms are seen and not heard by his film following.

"Put that in your pipe and smoke it." *Kenneth Harlan,* "among his books," lights up for a pleasant evening at home.



RIGHT: All set for a spin, with *Kenneth* in the role of the "spinster."

BELOW: *Kenneth* takes his pen in hand and registers attention to his fan mail.

Casting himself on a couch, *Kenneth* picks up a book and prepares to while away a quiet hour.

"Three Weeks"

Aileen Pringle, as the *Queen of Sardinia*, gives her heart to young *Paul Verdayne* on a scented couch of roses.

Aileen Pringle and Conrad Nagel make love in *Elinor Glyn's* famous novel—*"Woman to Woman,"* with Betty Compson, *"The Shooting of Dan McGrew"* and *"Virtuous Liars"* among other pictures of the week

Reviewed by Ned Goldschmidt

"THREE WEEKS"

Our Old Friend Back Again

Presented at the Capitol Theatre, New York, with a cast including Aileen Pringle, Conrad Nagel, Stuart Holmes, Nigel de Brulier and Mitchell Lewis. Produced by Goldwyn. Directed by Alan Crosland. From the novel by Elinor Glyn of the same name.

Our old friend, "Three Weeks," holds the boards this week at the Capitol Theatre, and it is by no means disappointing. Those who travel up there knowing in their hearts what to expect, will be sure to have their hopes realized sufficiently, we aver, to measure up to the most exacting expectations. Elinor Glyn's story is too well-known to bear much detailed repetition, except to say that it shows the humanness of a Queen when love and youth beckon. Deprived of any hope of tenderness from her royal, but sadly debauched husband, Her Majesty travels incognito to Switzerland and there meets the handsome Paul Verdayne (Conrad Nagel), who is immediately stricken with her stately beauty and awed by her capable manservant. They are both intrigued and soon contrive to know one another.

The King, however, is not so drunk that he neglects to put a spy on his Lady's trail, with the result that the following sequences are taken up with assassinations, amorous close-ups and unswerving fidelity on the part of her attendants.

Don't expect too much from the Palace scenes, as these generally suffer a lack of realism and in this case Alan Crosland dresses his soldiers in uniforms that are too obviously new. We do think, though, they are overworking the idea of an imaginary kingdom "somewhere in Europe," that is the scene of so many of our photoplays. This device was inaugurated by "Graustark," a long while back, and has been steadfastly maintained ever since. It is difficult for dramatic suspense to run high in anything that marks itself at the start as a fairy story.

The capable Miss Pringle is a delight and we think you will find yourselves interested in everything she does—present and future.

None of those choice and juicy episodes that made the novel a success have been neglected. There is the famous Couch of Roses scene and many other shots of stuporing, romantic moonlight, faithfully portrayed. The canals and gondolas of beautiful Venice assist in cycling all the props of sentimental settings. "Three Weeks" will not live in your memory as a great picture, but we unhesitatingly recommend it as a stimulant.

Betty Compson in a brief moment of happiness in *"Woman to Woman."*

"THE SHOOTING OF DAN McGREW"

Barbara La Marr Acts All Over the Place

Previewed at the Metro Projection Room. The screen version of Robert W. Service's famous poem, with a cast including Barbara La Marr, Percy Marmont, Lew Cody, Mae Busch, George Siegmann and others. Directed by Clarence Badger.

When Robert W. Service wrote a poem, "The Shooting of Dan McGrew," a colorful bit of action, he never dreamed what he was starting. When he created the character, "the lady known as Lou," he couldn't have had the slightest idea of the adventures to be wished on her by the movies.

The poem tells us of the shooting, and infers that Dan McGrew was a dirty dog, who unquestionably deserved what he got. It is up to the movie to prove that he deserved it—and the movie does. Never was there a dirtier dog than Dan, in the screen version.

The scene opens in the South Sea Islands, with a stranded musical comedy troop. Barbara La Marr is its star, who is desperately trying to earn enough money for fare home by dancing in a low dive. Her husband, Percy Marmont, plays the piano, and they weep in unison over their bitter fate and their baby.

Finally, when things get past endurance, the star—Lou—seizes her only chance to leave and takes up Dan McGrew's offer to accompany him back to the States. She leaves a note assuring Jim, her husband, of her love—and the rest of the picture is devoted to Jim's efforts to find her and Dan McGrew's treachery in keeping them apart. It ends with the shooting of Dan McGrew in an Alaskan saloon.

It is all the most highly colored ten-twenty-thirty stuff, with Barbara acting all over the place in the most melodramatic manner. She looks beautiful occasionally, particularly one shot in an Alaskan snow storm, where her mouth looked natural rather than made up in the exaggerated

Has Famous Bed of Roses

fashion she normally uses to achieve a put.

Percy Marmont was his usual charming self, acting with admirable restraint. Mae Busch played a role much too small for her talents, and Lew Cody was, of course, "Dan McGrew."

The fire scene in the saloon, presumably the climax of the picture, was slightly more thrilling than a street bonfire. The snow scenes, unfortunately, are merely a reminder of the mild winter we just had; the director was unable to find anywhere to go on location in order to get real snow.

If you like your pictures meller, with the action laid on with a sledge hammer, this will be just your style. The sledge hammer certainly must have been worn out on this one.

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"THE STORM DAUGHTER"

Tempestuous Love on the High Seas

Previewed at the Universal Film Studio, New York, and featuring Priscilla Dean, Tom Santschi, Wm. B. Davidson, Cyril Chadwick and others. Directed by Geo. Archainbaud. Universal-Jewel Production.

Pulsating and swiftly-moving sea stories, replete with credible action, such as one might find in "The Storm Daughter," have oftimes gripped and stirred to interest the worldliwise and callous Broadwayite, where other more aesthetic means have failed, and given him a good time in spite of himself. "The Storm Daughter," with Priscilla Dean in the title role, has the ability to do just that.

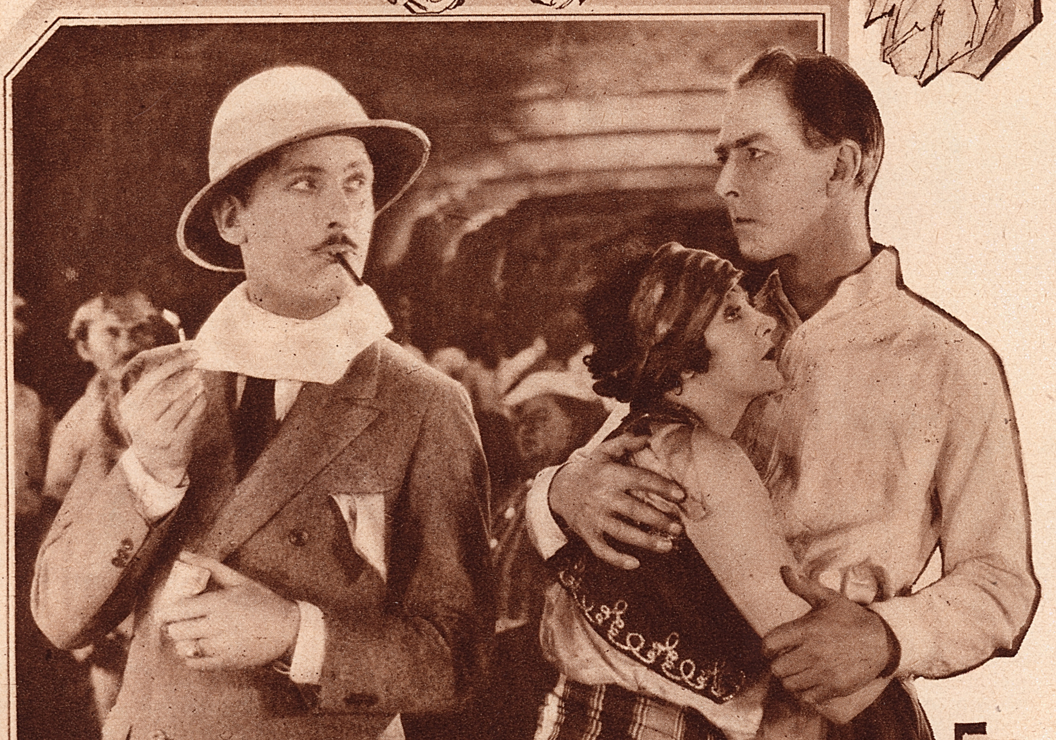
Who has not read those fascinating tales by Jack London and Robert Louis Stevenson, of able-bodied men who went down to the sea in ships? Romantic and inspiring tales of trade schooners with their lofty sails and their freight of blood and thunder. This picture contains all our old friends, the *brine aqua* element of characters—that is, all but Peg Leg. We have the Swede, the Irisher, Dutchy, Cockney, Chinese cook and the salty, bewhiskered helmsman, but we looked in vain for Peg Leg and, honestly, we missed him.

Through the story and around it are the running, pounding seas, breaking with a surge over the rail until you can almost hear the impact. Morever, one can almost feel the flying fists of Brute Morgan, the Captain, who is played very adequately by Tom Santschi. Then, mutiny on the high seas by the desperate crew, shipwreck and a metamorphosis follow, where the Brute becomes the repentant hero and the Mate with the prepossessing smile is revealed as the hypocrite, urging the mutiny from the beginning. And it was all because Kate Masterson (Miss Dean) was aboard. We liked Kate, for, in spite of all the dangers that beset her, especially the last two, (both over six feet tall), she didn't fuss or become hysterical, but smiled and took good care of herself. The Captain is a virile, forceful and convincing personality, and Tom Santschi has been careful in his interpretation not to over-stress it.

Some of the scenes are well devised, but the photography is not particularly impressive. This is not a costume play, and there are no massive sets or any apparent lavish outlay in its creation, but if you have the love of the sea in your veins and like a rousing and combative theme, "The Storm Daughter" will jolly well shiver your timbers!

David Powel plays role of doctor, trustee and lover to ***Edith Allen.***

Lew Cody and **Percy Marmont** challenging one another for the possession of ***Barbara La Marr*** in the "**Shooting of Dan McGrew.**"



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"WOMAN TO WOMAN"

Betty Compson a Good Dancer

Presented by Balcon, Freedman and Saville at the Rivoli Theatre, New York. In the cast are Betty Compson and Clive Brook. A Graham Cutts Production, released by Selznick. Adapted from the play by Michael Morton.

Any moving picture that boasts the presence of Betty Compson in its cast is not without a certain sum of merit, but the fact remains that the vaunted English production, "Woman to Woman," gives us a dull, frothy story that strives vainly for an hour and a half to take itself seriously. The plot, such as it is, centers around a dancer named Deloryes, who works in the Paris Moulin Rouge, until one night an English engineer happens along, and they promptly charm one another into a state that borders on matrimony. On the eve of their wedding, however, Tommy is called to the colors. There, due to a bursted shell, he falls a victim to amnesia (what would some film stories do without this convenient malady?) which causes him to be so forgetful as to marry someone else.

This union proves both unfortunate and unfruitful, the former soldier learning that his wife is interested merely in society. Years drift along and there comes a dancer to London, who is acclaimed a sensation. Mr. Anson Pond (Clive Brook), is persuaded by his friends in the Club to go to a performance of hers and he finally consents; whereupon the dancer proves to be his former love and his recollection of past happenings takes place. An hour later finds them in each other's arms and Mr. Anson Pond (*Continued on page 26*)

The Love Affairs of a Movie Actor

Why is it that some men and women are so fascinating that every new day brings a new adventure, a new love? "Off with the old love, on with the new"—such was the guiding force of Hal Kent's life, through no real fault of his own. Women—women—women —but read Hal Kent's own story, as told by HIMSELF

WOMEN—women—women! Somehow my life has never been free from their influence. The first one to enter my life—my one true love—was Laura Carlsen. We loved each other, but I was weak and foolish. I became infatuated with Yvonne Weldon, an actress, and went with her to Pittsburgh to join her stock company.

Our affair came to an abrupt ending when, upon being caught in her rooms, I allowed myself to be jailed as a burglar in order to protect Yvonne. To my horror, she did not release me. However, I managed to escape.

With my slight stage experience I found a small role in the movies. Again I was to suffer a woman's treachery. For Kay Inness, who professed to love me, used me to get her a chance on the screen—and then caused my dismissal.

It was months before I found another role—and then it was only through Vivian Race, a scenario writer who loved me. She obtained work for me with Dick Carlisle's company. It was only later I learned that she was Carlisle's estranged wife, and that my opportunity was conditional upon her return to him.

However, I made good. I became, in fact, a star, lionized and feted. Finally, to seek a rest, I was obliged to go abroad. Again a woman proved my undoing. This time it was Olga Vassilev, a charming adventuress, who, posing as an innocent girl in need of protection, trapped me into marrying her. I left her immediately, when I found her out—but not without having to pay her a large sum of money to keep her quiet.

All this time my first love, Laura, stood out in my memory as the one woman for me—but for years I had been unable to find her. She had long since moved from her old home. What then, was my joy when, upon my return to New York, I ran across a picture of Laura in a screen magazine, as one of the extras in a current picture. With this clue, I made all haste for Los Angeles. With the utmost efforts I learned Laura's whereabouts—just as she was on her way to be married to another man. My frantic pursuit of them was fruitless, so, disheartened, I returned to my apartment.

To my pleased astonishment, a woman caller was announced, and I looked into the eyes of—Laura.

FOR a long instant we gazed into each other's eyes searchingly, as if each of us could read a lifetime's story in a single moment.

All the glib words and phrases that I had thought of uttering, if ever I should meet this girl again, deserted me blankly.

"Laura!" I cried in a high, desperate voice, and could say no more. My hand was shaking.

It was useless to ponder why I loved her, useless to explain the secret of her profound fascination for me. I had played the game, in various guises, with many other women; I had cheated and been cheated, lied facilely about love, enjoyed its comedies, beheld its tragic significance, but here, facing me now, was the one woman who made life real to me.

Why should this be, I wonder. We all love more than once they say, even the most faithful of us, and yet I know that most men are not different from myself; for them only one woman exists. She may be a vanished childhood sweetheart, or an ideal never attained; she may be the woman who has wrecked a home or made one, but she is the woman. The pursuit of others is no better than sacrilege.

When the first shock of surprise was over, the immediate thing that puzzled me was Laura's presence here.

"Tell me," I said, "how did you happen to come here? You've been in Hollywood all these months, and yet never let me know."

"I couldn't," she said. "You see it was different then. But now I'm going to be married. Now you can't misunderstand the reasons that have made me come to see you."

She spoke in those quiet tones I still remembered, and closing my eyes, I could see again the queer little ship's cabin of a room in which I had waked with a splitting head one morning long ago. I could see again the quiet, gentle mother, the daughter, little more than a child, her quaint ways and quick laughter. To forget that would be to forget life itself. And now it seemed too late. I didn't know. But I did know that my destiny was to be decided within the next few minutes.

"I know you're going to be married, Laura," I said. "I've been trying to find you. I've been on the go night and day."

"You knew?" she asked. "But how? You knew I was here, and working in pictures?"

"Only when I arrived in New York from the other side. I saw your face in a photograph from 'Sons of Adam.' I came on here, trying to find you. I went everywhere. I went down to see Hilliard Browne, and just missed you. I learned there of your engagement. I've just gotten back this moment."

"And you wanted to find me?" she asked. I thought her voice was not so steady.

"I WANTED to find you," I echoed. "I've wanted to find you ever since that day I left you. I was a fool! Laura, can you forgive me? I've never forgiven myself. Oh, I've played fast and loose since then, I've done abominable things, but I loved you always with the spirit, I never forgot you for a moment." The words poured from me, and I spoke my heart out, and as I spoke, her face grew pale. Then I remembered. "Laura," I cried, "are you in love with Frank Bailey?"

She hesitated. I heard a clock ticking, and while I waited for her to answer, it seemed to me that a century went by. She lifted her head under its heavy blonde hair, her fairness that was so delicate and fragile, and she gazed at me with her serene eyes. Then she slowly shook her head.

"No," she said. "I don't love him, but I'm fond of him. He knows that. I told him I didn't love him, but I'd marry him if he wanted me to." She made a gesture that seemed almost pleading and some of her calm was broken. "Oh, it was difficult," she said. "I'm just an average girl, and I couldn't wait. I tried to. I used to dream and pray even. And then I came out here. I thought we'd meet—yes, you and I. For I loved you, Hal. You don't know what you did to me when you went away."

I made a step towards her, but she drew back.

"No, Hal," she faltered, "it's too late. Do you

"I know you're going to be married, Laura," I said. "I've been trying to find you, I've been on the go, night and day." "You knew?" she asked. "You knew that I was here, and working in pictures?"

think I'd come here otherwise? I didn't know you cared for me, too. I thought you must have forgotten me long ago. Oh, I've been so lonely, it's been so awful. You never knew, but lots of nights I'd walk up and down in front of your windows, in front of this very house, and it would hurt me and make me happy and bitter at the same time to think that I was so near you and yet couldn't let you know."

"Why not?" I asked. "Why didn't you, Laura?"

"I couldn't, you see," she said then. "I loved you, Hal."

I LAUGHED suddenly. "And you came around now, thinking I'd be polite and indifferent? You thought that? By God, I love you more than any woman I've ever seen or dreamed of, and I won't let you go!"

Her pallor was marked now, and she was breathing heavily.

I put my arms around her, and with something like brutality and something like tenderness, I drew her close to me. She struggled, her wide eyes burning upon me with a look in them that I had never seen before. Then I bent and kissed her lips. She swayed a little, fighting still. The next moment with a sigh she let the resistance flow out of her, and gently returned my kiss.

It was the moment of my life. Nothing, not all the fame of the world, or the good things I had enjoyed, could equal the ecstacy of that kiss. And looking at her, I saw her eyes were wet with tears, and her fingers were straying to my coat lapels, stroking them gently like a child.

"Hal," she murmured, "I did not mean this to happen, oh, I didn't mean this to happen!"

"Are you sorry?" I said.

Her smile was radiant through her tears, like the sunlight after a shower. She did not answer me otherwise.

But in a moment she shook her head. "What about Frank?" she asked. "I should never have told him I'd marry him."

"But you told him you didn't love him," I said. "He'll understand."

"He'll understand, but he—he likes me," she answered. "I told him how things were. I told him I wanted to come here first and say good-by to you. And he hated to have me do that, but he let me go without a word. He just trusted me. And now this has happened! And—and I'm so happy!"

Before the hearth a big davenport sprawled, and I led Laura here, and we sat down and tried to tell each other of much that happened since we had parted. It was wonderful to sit there in the dim light, to put my hands through the marvel of her hair, to interrupt her low voice with kisses. I couldn't get over this thing that had happened. I couldn't reason. I was delirious. She was mine. She was to be mine forever. I would see her everyday. I would know her more intimately than any living soul. Perhaps she would have children, fair-haired as herself, and they would be *my* children.

I felt with her the need of being honest. I tried stumblingly to tell her what had happened to me, placing the blame where I thought it fairly belonged. But I told her that underneath it all, like a strong current, had run the spirit of my unshaken devotion for her, that my faithlessness, my blunders, my random and reckless attempts to find happiness at every corner, had the quality of perversities.

She was wise enough, in spite of her young head, to understand and forgive.

"Men are made that way, I suppose," she said simply. "You see, I thought of you like that, too. I never ceased to think of you. I knew I wouldn't ever be complete without you. Night after night I've thought of you, hoped and hoped, and now it's happened."

She paused and looked at me with her great eyes. "Sometimes I was afraid you might marry. That was when I still had hopes of—of seeing you again. I was afraid you might marry!"

I FELT a guilty twinge. I had not told Laura yet of the thing which, for all my easy way of dismissing it, haunted me. I had not told her the story of Olga Vassilev and the marriage that had been performed in the American consulate in Paris.

"But if I had married," I ventured now, "what difference would it have made. It wouldn't have been a marriage that would have lasted. It would have crumbled at the sight of you if at nothing else. Suppose I had been married, really?"

She shook her head. "It would have made all the difference in the world," she answered.

I felt a little chill race through me. "What do you mean?" I asked almost harshly.

"It was when my mother died," she said. "All that last afternoon she knew she was going, and she talked to me. And there were things she asked me to do. She didn't belong to the world the way it is now. She belonged to another age and couldn't ever change certain opinions. And divorce was a thing she hated. It was that which made her make me promise."

"Promise what?" I demanded.

"Promise I'd never marry a man who had been divorced."

An exclamation halted on the threshhold of my lips. I felt a blank despair fall over me. In the quiet simplicity of her tones I read a finality which I could never question. I knew what her mother had meant to her, and this thing that she had promised her mother on her very death-bed. The cup of happiness was dashed from my hand.

I don't ask you to believe what followed. Yet stranger things have happened, and the lives of all of us are rounded by coincidence. It is only when one of us tells an incident of that kind that we shake disbelieving heads. It seems, for reasons unexplained, a thing impossible, and yet it happens, and happens frequently.

The bell sounded suddenly. I heard the door open, a woman's voice demanding imperiously. My housekeeper answered, and there was the sound of a short argument. Then the door crashed shut, and smiling lazily, Olga Vassilev stepped into the room!

I jumped to my feet with an inarticulate protest. She advanced easily. Her eyes flickered over Laura, passed on, and returned to me.

"Your servant had the effrontery to tell me to go away," she said in her voice with its faint commingling of accents. "I did not tell her who I was—not yet."

I had not spoken. I simply regarded her stupefied.

"Well," she said with a little laugh, "aren't you glad to see me?" She threw off her long black gloves, and indolently laid them down. I tried to think of some expedient to get her away, but my brain seemed numb. I did not dare to look at Laura.

Olga drew a quiet breath. "I am glad to be here," she announced. "And now may I see you alone?"

"I refuse to see you under any circumstances," I said with a burst of anger. "You remember our contract."

"Our contract!" She laughed again. "Very well then, if you wish me to talk in public, I will. Besides I don't mind if you have an *affaire* or two. I am a woman of the world and take things like that very easily. Now listen! Shortly after you left, Jacques bolted with the money. Every penny! I pawned my things to secure my passage here. I decided to come out and see you once more. This time, however, I shall not do as I did before. Instead I am going to permit you to make me a star in your cinemas."

"Are you mad?" I said. "Do you think you can threaten me to do as you choose?"

Her eyes grew bright, and flashed with anger suddenly.

"Why not? Do you believe I am a fool? I was able to pay the fee at the consulate office for a second copy of that license. I thought I might need it here, as it takes a long time to investigate records without it."

All at once I felt Laura's cool hand slip around my arm. Her voice, so unlike the Russian's, full of self-control and a gentler breeding, spoke in the hideous silence that had followed Olga's threat.

"Who is this woman, Hal?" she said. "Can't you tell her to go away?"

Olga's lip was lifted (*Continued on page* 25)

"It's no use," she said with an effort. "Everything you say is true. But I know I'd never be happy if I broke the word I gave to my mother."

The White Sin

Tricked into a fake marriage by an unscrupulous man, *Hattie Lou* faced the world—alone. Read what happened on board the yacht *Narka*, after the midnight wedding. Fictionized from the *Palmer* photoplay by *Harold Shumate*, and released by the *Film Booking Office*

By Charles Warnerby

HATTIE LOU'S honeymoon on board the *Narka*, following her whirlwind courtship and marriage by Preston Van Gore, was destined to prove of brief duration. The yacht had been put out to sea by the Captain on a trial trip, and after the early morning hours had sped by, the nose of the *Narka* turned once more toward its berth in the Sound, where the other members of the party were already waiting to board the absent boat.

The *Narka* had left her mooring under orders of Preston Van Gore. But not even the young millionaire had reckoned that the boat would go out of sight of land on her trial trip. For his purposes he wished only to have her get away from the dock, where the return of the other members of the party might prove an obstacle to his plans.

Hattie Lou, once she was married to Van Gore, accepted the new estate with absolute calm. Her knowledge of his wealth and position reassured her of any material misgivings. Life for her with Preston, as least so far as money was concerned, was bound to prove a very easy affair. She wasn't particularly in love with him. But, on the other hand, she didn't dislike him. He was an attractive youth, and her life thus far had been curiously starved of any sort of romance. Preston, considering the void she had known, was quite acceptable. She had not yet learned that a good husband was not so easy, among the multitudes of mankind in the world, to find.

Hattie Lou **stared out across the waters of the** ***Sound***, **the hot tears rolling down her cheeks.**

THE sun had fully risen when Hattie Lou and Preston Van Gore came out on deck and watched the *Narka* veer from her old moorings on the Connecticut shore. Preston seemed to Hattie Lou to be curiously detached in the morning in contrast to what his attitude had been the night before. She leaned toward him fondly, as the yacht continued to cleave the water toward its destination, but it almost seemed to Hattie Lou that her young husband drew away from her.

As the yacht slipped smoothly up to its mooring in the early morning light, Hattie Lou could see a number of the *Narka's* party waiting on the dock. They were in evening dress, and after a night of dancing and dissipation, they looked weary and bedraggled. Hattie Lou could distinguish Grace Van Gore as the center of the group, and her heart leaped as she suddenly was reminded of the fact that Grace was now her sister-in-law.

As if in answer to her thoughts, Preston, her husband, commenced speaking at her elbow. He was laboring under intense excitement, which the rapidly nearing dock with its fashionably-dressed occupants seemed to increase.

"Hattie Lou," he said swiftly, "I want you to keep the fact of our marriage secret for a time. I don't want my sister to learn of it."

Hattie Lou almost staggered under the impact of his words.

"But, Preston," she remonstrated, "you told me last night that it was all done to surprise the party. That was part of the idea of our marrying so hastily."

Preston's face flushed deeply and his agitation seemed to increase.

"I know that!" he said hurriedly. "But I've thought matters over and I've concluded that the time for springing it on the party has not come yet. I want you to keep it quiet."

A vague tide of resentment and hostility welled slowly in Hattie Lou. She had given everything to this youth who, the evening before, had asked her to be his wife, and now to be bidden to keep it secret seemed a little more than she cared to do.

"But, Preston," Hattie Lou protested, "I don't think that's fair to me!"

He turned on her angrily.

"See here!" he demanded fiercely. "Are you going to do as I tell you or not?"

Hattie Lou straightened as she looked searchingly back at him. She was seeing him now—in spite of the ache in her heart—more clearly and in more piteous relief, than she had ever done before. And suddenly she realized that not only had she never loved him, but that now—she hated him.

"I don't know," she said coolly, "whether I am or not."

HE glared savagely back at her, but the yacht's approach to the dock prevented them from further discourse. Their attitude toward each other must have been eloquent, however, for on Grace's first leap aboard, she cried out, "Are you two quarreling?"

Hattie Lou smiled. No, they weren't quarreling, was her unspoken reply. Or, if they had been, it was for the last time. She could never, she knew positively, live with anyone toward whom she felt as she did toward Preston Van Gore in the light in which he now appeared. He had spoiled everything for her, wholly; utterly. She was through.

"Preston," Grace was saying, and Hattie Lou knew that her new sister-in-law was controlling her temper, "why did you take the yacht out last night without saying anything about it? We've been waiting hours for you to come back."

Preston turned impatiently away.

"We were making a trial trip," he returned evasively. "I'm sorry if it discommoded any of you. I thought we'd get back sooner."

Hattie Lou felt a desire to get away from the morose crowd of young folk who were seeking their various staterooms to sleep off the effect of the night's fatigue. Grace Van Gore, without another word to her brother, went below, and Hattie Lou followed.

"Hattie Lou," Grace called. "Will you help me, please, with this gown?"

Hattie Lou helped Grace remove her things, for the young mistress of the yacht was very nearly exhausted from the long night's pleasure.

"I think it only right to tell you, Grace, that I am leaving the yacht directly," Hattie Lou said at last.

Grace Van Gore looked up in amazement.

"Leaving the yacht?" she echoed.

Hattie Lou nodded.

"But why?" Grace inquired in a puzzled tone, her forehead wrinkling in perplexity.

HATTIE LOU hesitated. Her first instinct had been to remain silent about her marriage in conformity with her husband's request, but second thought prompted her to (Continued on page 30)

Dick Barthelmess denies he is Jealous

WHISPERS THE FILM FLAPPER

Now that Dick Barthelmess has had a row with Inspiration Pictures, Inc., there have been all sorts of rumors as to his reasons, chief of which was the surmise that he was jealous of the alleged partiality shown Lillian Gish.

Dick took occasion, just on the eve of his departure for Bermuda, to deny emphatically that jealousy was the cause of the break. He declared that he was much annoyed that anyone should make such a statement about him and reminded reporters that, far from being jealous of Lillian, it was largely through him that she was signed up with Inspiration.

"And nothing has developed since in a professional way that could give rise to such false and damaging reports."

Dick's trip to Bermuda is in the nature of a vacation. His wife, Mary Hay, was unable to go with him, as she is starring in one of New York's most successful musical comedies, "Mary Jane McKane." But she was down at the pier to see him off and wish him *bon voyage.*

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Harold Lloyd to Picturize Married Life

Harold Lloyd is going to put some of his own "first year" experiences into his domestic comedy which he is about to make!

"A fellow doesn't realize what married life is until he experiences it," said Harold. "A sense of humor helps over the little rough spots, and there is so much real happiness with the right person that these little rough spots don't count, anyway."

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Charlie Ray Comes "Home"

Charlie Ray is going back to his old love so far as roles and management are concerned. He is to play rube roles again, and is to be partners with Thomas H. Ince. He believes that his luck lies in that direction.

Which recalls the fact that ever since Ray left Ince, he has had tough sleighing. Ray, too, was Ince's good luck boy, apparently. There seems to be some mysterious charm about the combination that brings luck to them both. Charlie is even to have his old dressing room at the Ince Studio. Tears came to his eyes when he entered it the other day, and he found some of the same old pictures he had hung on the walls long ago.

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Ramon Gives His Opinion of Sheiks

The dashing Ramon Novarro is back from Europe and Africa, wearing a mysterious wrought gold ring of curious design, given him by a beautiful Arab girl. He won't tell her name, however, but admits that he got the ring in Carthage.

Ramon enjoyed Paris more than any place, he says. He visited all the little theatres there, the intimate theatres, but finds them all decadent.

"There seems to be no vitality, no inspiration, in them. They are merely marking time. I feel that is the spirit of Europe. It is only America that is vital."

Ramon is very fond of his mother. A group of friends met him at the train, and his press agent informed him that a crowd of important producers wanted to see him during the afternoon. But he said:

"No, I don't want to see anybody until I have seen my mother!"

Asked whether he met with any competition from the sheiks, he laughed and he said, "No, they are all fat and middle-aged!"

On the whole, Ramon doesn't think so much of the desert.

A boatload of fun. *Harold Lloyd* and *Jobyna Ralston* settle down in a rowboat in *"Girl Shy."* KORNMAN

Reports on Rex Ingram

But Rex Ingram is so enamoured of the desert that he says he is going to live down there in Tunis. He has bought himself a Moorish castle on the Mediterranean, and declares he is going to retire from the making of pictures. His last, you know, was "The Arab," co-starring Novarro and Alice Terry.

"He told me he was very tired—that he worried too much about his pictures," said Novarro to the writer. "He says he wants to devote himself to the study of sculpture, in which he had already made some progress."

"Oh," exclaimed Harold Lloyd, on hearing about it. "So he's going to settle in Tunis! Well, I think he will get very tired of it. I think he will soon change his tune-is, so to speak!"

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Watch Out for Reba!

One beautiful and clever Arab girl named Reba, did Rex Ingram discover in Tunis, and he says that if he does make another picture, she is to be the star. She does a dance in "The Arab."

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Theodore Roberts Comes Home to Convalesce

Back in Hollywood is Theodore Roberts, borne from the train on a stretcher to his home. The train men obligingly switched the car he came west in over to another track until after the passengers had alighted, and then helped carry him out. His little wire-haired fox terrier, which he had taken East with him, made one leap onto the stretcher when released from the baggage car, in which he had travelled all the way, and nearly upset dear old Theodore in his joy at the re-union.

A carpenter who had worked with Roberts during his vaudeville tour, insisted on coming along as the actor's nurse. Roberts, too, preferred his ministrations to that of anyone else's, except, of course, his wife's, but Mrs. Roberts was so worn out from her long weeks of watching and nursing that she felt she must have help on the trip.

"It's good to be back in the sunshine," said Roberts, when he struck the fresh air after being taken from the train and put into the machine.

When he reached his pretty home on Vine Street in Hollywood, he found that a sun-porch had been added for his comfort, and he insisted on being taken there at once. And there all his airedales were brought in to greet him.

Then the old actor looked about the place. "Lord, I'm glad I came home!" he exclaimed. "There's a lot of cement work to be done around here!"

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One Case of Professional Devotion

And speaking of marital devotion, there's Dorothy Gish and husband, James Rennie! James just couldn't stand it to be separated from his vivacious wife any longer, but has followed her to Rome, where Dorothy is busily engaged with Lillian in making "Romola."

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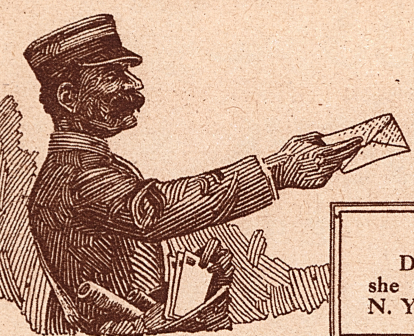
Lou Tellegen Goes Fishing

Lou Tellegen, who once had the honor to be the husband of Geraldine Farrar, and who has just finished the Vitagraph picture, "Between Friends," has gone on a fishing trip to Catalina Island, where his poetic nature demands that he purchase a glass-bottomed boat to fish in.

This will be Tellegen's first trip to the islands.



"Billy" Thinks Monte Blue Is Adorable

ARE YOU A MOVIE FAN?

Do you wonder if your favorite screen star is married? Where she was born? Ask the COLONEL, Movie Weekly, 1926 Broadway, N. Y. C. A stamped, addressed envelope will bring a personal reply.

BILLY—So you think Monte Blue is adorable? Well, certainly there is a lot of competition when he's around. His address is Warner Brothers Studio, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood. Irene Rich is a widow with several children. Valentino is working on "Monsieur Beaucaire."

GOLDEN EAGLE—Have I a house made of letters? No, but I eat that kind of soup—alphabet soup. Enid Bennett is 5 feet 3, and has golden brown hair. Her address is Beverly Hills, Cal. Pete Morrison lives at 4500 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles.

BROWN EYES—People ask me so many questions about Richard Dix that I'm beginning to wish him back in Dixie. He is thirty years old and isn't married. Write him at the Lasky Studio, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood. Write for Constance Talmadge's picture at 1540 Broadway, New York. Her next picture is "The Goldfish." By all means, write me as often as you like—as long as I can read your writing.

PINK CHEEKS—As to whether Bull Montana is still looking for a wife, I think the story was that he wanted to be loved for himself and not his money. House Peters lives at 431 Georgia Ave., Los Angeles. His latest picture is "Held to Answer."

ROBERT M.—What d'ye mean, George O'Hara never had any ring experience? He's probably been engaged a couple of times; most of these movie stars have. No, I don't think he has ever done any boxing professionally, except on the screen. May McAvoy is twenty-three and is not married. Write her at the Lasky Hollywood Studio. Lloyd Hughes is married to Gloria Hope and they live at 601 S. Rampart St., Los Angeles.

ROSE—That's just what I did this morning. William S. Hart is divorced from Winifred Westover. Viola Dana is twenty-six and Shirley Mason twenty-three. Johnnie Walker has black hair and eyes.

MISS AUDREY TROUTT—Thanks for the card; spring is just the time for green things. Jack Hoxie is married to Marin Sais and they live at Burbank, Cal.

TILLIE THE TOILER—That's the way I feel after a day of answering questions. Ruth Roland was born in San Francisco in 1893. Her address is 605 S. Norton Ave., Los Angeles. Madge Bellamy is nineteen; she has brown hair and eyes. She lives at 517 Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, Cal.

R. B. K.—I see your taste runs to the wild and woolies. Hoot Gibson's address is Universal City, Cal., also Reginald Denny. Richard Talmadge can be reached at the Russell Studio, 1439 Beechwood Drive, Hollywood. See above.

LITTLE MISS INQUISITIVE—Whoever called you that had the right idea. Juanita Hansen is Mrs. Harrison Post. Ramon Novarro just returned from a trip abroad, where he made "The Arab." Clara Bow is seventeen. She played the role of Janet Oglethorpe, the flapper, in "Black Oxen."

"His Master's Voice" reversed. *Cameo* hits a blue note and *Frank Darro* tries in vain to "tune in." In *"Half-a-Dollar Bill."*

STRINGBEANS—By all means take your pen in hand when you wish to ask questions—unless you have a typewriter. Marion Mack, who played in "Mary of the Movies," was more or less an amateur, picked for the role. She has played nothing since. Norma lives in Los Angeles. Constance was born April 19th.

JELLY GINGER—So you think my page is always interesting? Well, I'm glad it interests you—I sometimes get rather tired of it myself. Nazimova has been playing on the stage: the past few years. Mae Murray's husband in "Fashion Row" was played by Freeman Wood. He lives at 6213 Selma Ave., Hollywood.

JOSIE AND RUTH—Carlyle Blackwell has been making pictures in England for years. I suppose Florence Lawrence's proposed "come-back" didn't go through. No, George O'Hara isn't married. Arthur Johnson seems to have retired from the screen.

ONE OF VIOLA'S ADMIRERS No, Mary Philbin isn't a star, but she certainly will be in time. She is about twenty. Gloria Swanson is divorced from Herbert Somborn; write her at the Lasky Studio, Astoria, L. I. Her latest picture is "A Society Scandal." Harrison Ford is in his thirties and is married to Beatrice Prentice. Write Viola Dana at the Metro Studio, 900 Cahuenga St., Hollywood.

DOT—So my eyes look as if they were full of music? That must be the echo of the postman's whistle. Leatrice Joy's husband is Jack Gilbert. He doesn't play in any of her pictures, as he is with Fox. "What's Wrong With the Women" was released last August. The woman who played Mrs. Mathews is not given in the cast of the picture.

DUMB-BELL JANE — Where do you live, in a gymnasium? Ivor Novello is in his late twenties and is not married. He is playing on the stage in England; the only address I can suggest to write for his picture is the D. W. Griffith office, 1476 Broadway, New York. Yes, Wallie Reid played the blacksmith in "The Birth of a Nation." Nita Naldi would doubtless send her picture if you write her at the Lasky Studio, Astoria, L. I.

ALICE—What a lot of things you're wondering about; I can't leave you in Wonderland, can I? May Collins is five feet three; Doris May and Virginia Browne Faire five feet two; Vola Vale and Mabel Normand, five feet five.

MY FAVORITE—That sounds like the name of a race horse. Richard Talmadge was born in New York, of Italian parents, named Metzetti. He is not married. See R. B. K.

LOU CURRAN—Conrad Nagel lives at 1846 Cherokee Ave., Los Angeles; Thomas Meighan, Lasky, Astoria; and Edmund Lowe, Goldwyn, Culver City, Cal. Yes, Charlie Chaplin is Jewish.

QUEEN OYSTERETTE—Cullen Landis *was* married and had a couple of children, but recently there was a divorce suit in progress. His address is 1504 Gardner St., Los Angeles. Johnny Hines, Warner Brothers — see BILLY. Barbara La Marr, 6912 Hollywood Blvd., Los Angeles.

BLUE-EYED MOLLY—I'm always patient, especially when I go to the doctor. Eugene O'Brien is Norma's leading man in "Secrets." Norma was born in Niagara Falls. Constance Talmadge is twenty-four and Conway Tearle forty-three. He was born in New York. Niles Welch is married to Dell Boone. Baby Peggy is five; she is now making "Helen's Babies." No, Baby Marie Osborne doesn't play in pictures any more.

MISS HELEN MUIR—No, Colleen is not more of the Moore family. Her real name is Kathleen Morrison, now Mrs. John McCormick. She is in her early twenties and lives at 1231 S. Grammercy Place, Los Angeles.

R. E. P.—Mary Miles Minter has left the screen and I don't know where you could reach her. No, she isn't married yet, but she is said to be engaged.

HENRY FORD AND JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER—What are you trying to do, make my palms itch, with those signatures? William S. Hart's middle name is Shakespeare; he was born in Newburgh, New York, forty-eight years ago. He is divorced from Winifred Westover. Marie Prevost was born in Sarnia, Canada; she has a sister, Marjorie Prevost, who plays in pictures.

Sincerely Yours
The Colonel

What OUR Readers think of US

For the three best letters from our readers telling us what stories and articles in Movie Weekly they liked best in our most recent issue, and what stories and articles they liked least, Movie Weekly will pay a cash prize each week of $10.00 for the best letter, $5.00 for the second best, and $3.00 for the third best. Address your letters to MOVIE WEEKLY CONTEST DEPARTMENT, 1926 Broadway, New York.

This Week's $10.00 Prize Letter

I like Movie Weekly very much as it is. I admire its editorial policy, of which sincerity and fairness seems to be the keynote, and I enjoy reading it all through. I always have felt as if you were publishing this magazine for the fans and as if I, personally, had a share in it. However, it could be made even better.

Your interviews are interesting, but the present style of the writers in presenting it seldom varies and quite often sounds very silly as: She gazed at her salad thoughtfully, and after due deliberation, brightly said, (answer to some very weighty question, which no one really cares to know.)

Why not tell us what we would really like to hear? Why not give us some genuine impressions?

Relate how the interviewed one really looked—(what the movie actresses wear is of great interest to thousands of girls)—what he or she really said. No matter if not very profound, it is what the fans want. I like the way David A. Balch writes of people. We feel that everyone said just what he said they did. I also consider "Just a Regular Girl," concerning Marion Davies, in the issue of March 15th, a good example of this kind. We feel we are getting a true impression.

I would like more space devoted to news of the studios and gossip, but not scandal, of the movie people generally. The fans never tire of reading of the doings of their favorites. However, make it general—do not exploit only a few of the more prominent ones. Each fan has a different list of favorites, and greatly resents it when too much discrimination is shown.

The "Reviews of Pictures" department is much appreciated, and I, for one, would like more space devoted to it. Also, besides the large portraits, which are fine, please let us have more pictures of the players at home and in public as themselves. As for the continued stories, I think the magazine would be much better without them. I think one good, well-written short story each week, or some really good, popular novel, in process of being screened, as, for instance, "Monsieur Beaucaire," would be much better.

Of course, we all like the "Questions and Answers" and the page "What Our Readers Think of Us" is very interesting.

Another feature which I like is a contest. A similarity contest, for instance, as nearly every girl (boys, too) fancy they resemble some wonderful star, and love the chance to try and prove it.

One series that I enjoyed exceedingly and looked forward to each week, has been discontinued. I refer to the character analysis series by Vincent De Sola.

In the last issue, March 15th, I especially enjoyed the article, "Valentino's First Day's Work in the Studio." Also his own story of his trip abroad, a sincere and beautifully written story.

The article, "King and Queen of the Movies," I liked also, as it is news of what interesting people of the screen are doing.

Now personally, I am very fond of descriptions of my favorites as they appeared at social gatherings or in public—how they were dressed, written by someone who knows how to describe dress; and I believe most feminine readers will be with me, in this.

To sum up—make it a little snappier, with real news of players and current events, lots of pictures, natural sounding interviews—short articles, but bright—and then, a little editorial paragraph or chat each week. It makes us feel we are right with you.

FLORA GARDINER.

Barbara La Marr* flits gracefully about in the title role of *Maurice Tourneur's "The White Moth."

This Week's $5.00 Prize Letter

This is an opportunity many fans greet with enthusiasm—an opportunity to air their opinions and views.

Pictures distinguish a magazine. A magazine is generally judged by its covers and illustrations. Most of us, I believe, would rather have close-ups of the stars which show the features clearly and distinctly, than the full figure poses.

I like especially in your magazine the editorials and miscellaneous articles like "Now They Want to Throttle the Movies" of the March 8th issue, "Movies of the Millenium" and "Hollywood, Paris of America," of February 23rd issue.

The intimate glimpses of the stars that we get in such articles as "Home Life of Hollywood Stars," are very enjoyable and I believe the fans would like more such articles as "My Own Story of My Trip Abroad," by Rudolph Valentino, written by the stars themselves.

Most of your interviews are delightful, but why not have more of them?

Movie Weekly has always prided itself on being fair to motion pictures and its players. Then why print such cheap trash as those unending confession stories? If they must be printed, put them where they belong, but keep them out of Movie Weekly!

Your one-page portraits are deservedly popular; keep them up!

One of my favorite pages in your magazine is the Reviewer's Page. I think Mr. John W. Vandercook is a very good critic, and his opinions are reliable.

The Colonel, What Our Readers Think of Us, Film Flapper, etc., are all interesting, but "What Our Readers Think of Us" is especially good. It gives "us fans" a chance to "air" our views and know one another better.

Nothing stirs up interest so much as contests. Your practice of giving prizes every week for the best letters is very good, but it would be more interesting to have contests of a wider scope.

Why not have a popularity contest for favorite actors and actresses, or give prizes to those who recognize the greatest number of photos of stars? There are many kinds of contests which would excite interest.

EVELYN HOUSTON.

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This Week's $3.00 Prize Letter

I am using the March 29th issue of the "wonder" Weekly to express my likes and dislikes. The cover is dandy. I like the portrait idea so well.

I turn the page and find—disappointment—"Love Letters of a Movie Star." These serials are not for a magazine of your style. A picture well fic-

(Continued on page 25)

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The Reel Dope

Pat O'Malley is not as Irish as his name sounds. In the first place—naturally—he was born not in Ireland, but in Pennsylvania. His mother also was born in America, and his father in England. And—this is the real point to the story—he was not named Patrick for the same reason most Irishmen are, after their patron saint, but is the namesake of Patrick Henry.

◈ ◈ ◈

A movie ball in Hollywood recently, where each star vied with every other in gorgeousness, was the occasion for much catty comment.

"What a beautiful gown Mabel is wearing," said one woman to her companion. "Says it's imported, doesn't she?"

"Not in those words," answered her friend. "It's last season's gown made over by turning it inside out. So now she says it's from the other side."

◈ ◈ ◈

Viola Dana contracted a slight cold while making her newest picture, "Don't Doubt Your Husband," and upon completing the picture, went to bed for a few days to recover.

The doctor gave her some medicine to relieve her cough, and the next day he called to see how she felt.

"I see," he remarked, "that you cough more easily."

"I ought to," said Viola, "I've been practicing all night."

◈ ◈ ◈

The night court at Hollywood is a favorite place for some of the movie celebs to pick up "atmosphere" for their stories. Often many of their best plots are concocted there.

Buster Keaton, in an interval after the filming of "Sherlock, Jr." went there one night with a party of friends. A colored woman was speaking to the judge.

"Jedge—that good-fur-nothin' broke every chaih in de house across mah haid."

"Well," asked the judge, "didn't he apologize—tell you he was sorry?"

"No, suh," responded the colored woman, "not yet, jedge; you see, de ambulance tuk him away befo' he could speak."

◈ ◈ ◈

When you see Barbara La Marr in "The White Moth" you'll probably think how lovely she looks, and envy her just a little for her graceful, fluttering costume. But you wouldn't—not if you could have seen her getting into the costume at the Tourneur studio.

She stood there for hours having the garment sewed onto her slender body. After she was sewed into it, there were hours and hours more of standing, because the filmy wings and frothy, pearl-studded skirt were not made to be sat in!

◈ ◈ ◈

Cecille Evans, who cuts some figure herself, cuts a silhouette. She is one of the *Mack Sennett* comedy girls. PATHE

Robert Edeson received a very surprising fan letter, in which an admirer assured him that the actor had cost him six hundred iron men — in other words, dollars.

Naturally a statement like that, which came to Edeson at the Paramount studio, where he has been working in "Triumph," handed him rather a jolt. It developed, in the letter, that the writer had gone to a masquerade ball made up as Strongheart, Edeson's greatest role.

"What make-up did you use on the stage?" the fan asked in his letter. "I used water color paints and looked fine when I arrived at the party. But after about six dances my partners informed me that I would have to replace their ruined dresses."

◈ ◈ ◈

Rosemary Cooper, who is cast as the "heavy" in Emory Johnson's new picture, "Swords and Ploughshares," is playing one of the saddest roles of her career. The role in itself isn't sad, but it makes Rosemary so. It seems that she is called upon to burn up somebody's old-fashioned furniture. Murder and mayhem are all right to ask of a heavy, thinks Miss Cooper, but it's too much for human frailty to expect a real antique "crank" to look at some marvelous pieces of old furniture and then burn them up!

What Our Readers Think of Us

(*Continued from page* 23)

tionized would seem to fit in so much better with the spirit of the "weekly." The Chaplin interview was interesting, but why do interviewers keep asking stars what they think of women?

Virginia Valli's photo! Beautiful! The personal studies in the following pages are good. You know it makes us fans feel we are closer to the player, to know a wee bit of their personal plans, trips, coming pictures, wives, husbands, homes, etc.

Rudolph's diary is great; I am sure he is making many new friends and renewing old ones through his article. This is a good feature of the weekly.

All the articles are well presented, only I do wish some of the interviewers would leave out the cynicism. It sounds sour sometimes. The reviews are good, but hardly enough of them. Film Flapper is good, too, but why does she whisper? I like the Colonel, but "he's" too darn exclusive. However, "his" wit and humor make up for it if "she" feels that way about "his" face, age, color, etc.

Only a few suggestions please. Can't we omit serial stories? Could we have a little style column and a few pictures of the more conservative gowns? Could we have "A Worst Picture and Why" department? And a little physical culture column? Keeping fit plays a considerable part in the stars' lives and things that are good for one set of hurried people are good for another. And I think "What Our Readers Think of Us" is already showing results. A cheer for Movie Weekly and its editor. I like him better than the stars who take his place sometimes. Good luck.

ERMA GARERI.

The Love Affairs of a Movie Actor

(*Continued from page* 19)

faintly. "Who am I?" she asked with a note of satire. "Who am I? Why, my child, I am only—his wife!"

There was a moment of intense stillness, and then Laura saying gently and tremulously: "This isn't true, Hal! Say this isn't true!"

I did not answer.

Then I heard Laura sob as if her heart were breaking. And she turned from me and fled to the davenport, flinging herself down there, regardless of her grief. I went over to her and put my hand on her shoulder, ignoring Olga as if she were not in the room.

"Don't, Laura," I said. "It's all right. It will be all right. Yes, I married this woman. She's an adventuress. You'd understand if I told you how it happened. And Laura, you love me, you told me so. You've got to do something for me now. I realize we've both got to give up something. I didn't see before what it would mean for me, but I'm glad now, because I'll have to pay, too."

I tried to think clearly, tried to put it in such fashion that she couldn't deny me. "I'll get a divorce from her. But this is what it will do. She'll make things black for me, twist the story in such a way that perhaps I'll lose my grip on my public. They're only too glad to dethrone any favorite who has enjoyed things long enough. This will do it, I know. And for your part, you'll have to give up that thing your mother asked of you. You'll have to realize that circumstances have made this different, and that if she were alive she would consent to this."

Laura's sobs had ceased. She stood up suddenly, straight and tall, and faced me with her steady eyes.

"It's no use," she said with an effort. "It's no use, Hal. Everything you say is true, and I know it. But I can't help being myself. Just say I'm obstinate and blind. Only I know I'd never be happy if I broke my word I gave to my mother."

And then she turned away, and with one last look at me, but without a further glance at Olga Vassilev, she moved towards the hallway.

It was at that juncture that there came the final surprise of my life, making me feel that Fate was playing the cards for me, with such strength that I cannot believe anything else.

As Laura laid her hand upon the knob and drew open the outer door a new voice greeted my ears—a man's voice—Frank Bailey's!

"Darling," he said so audibly that every syllable was plain, "I couldn't wait. I had to come around and find out. If it's all over, why—I'll take it decently enough. Only I've got to know. I couldn't stand the suspense."

At that instant my eyes went to Olga. Her face had gone grey, and she had moved with catlike swiftness down the room. For a moment I was bewildered, and then something like intuition leapt over me. She had recognized that voice! She was afraid! I didn't hesitate.

"Bailey!" I called. "Come here!"

Olga looked up at me with a smile which did not conceal her fright.

"You fiend!" she said.

Then Bailey was in the room. His eyes shot past me and fell on her, and he stepped back with a cry.

"My God!" he said, "I thought you were dead."

"It seems we were both mistaken," she answered, recovering her self-control with a rapidity I could not but admire. "I did not know you were in this country."

"Who is she, Frank?" I cried. What do you know about her? Tell me. I've got to protect myself somehow."

"I can't tell you any good of her," he answered grimly. "It happens that she's my wife."

"Your wife!" I shouted. "Your wife!" I swung around to Olga. "Then that whole marriage was a fraud! It doesn't hold, it's null, it's a damned lie! Why, you're a bigamist!"

"Well," she asked coolly, "what are you going to do?"

"Do? I'm going to let your real husband have the say about that."

"I'd like to see her anywhere but here," Bailey answered bitterly. "I know her from old."

"You won't have any more trouble with her now," I assured him. "Madame or Mademoiselle or whatever you call yourself!—I give you till tomorrow to start out of the country. If you don't I swear I'll prosecute you for bigamy as sure as I stand here!"

She picked up her gloves. She was smiling still.

"Au 'voir, M'sieu Hal!" she said. "And you, my husband!"

She left the room, and with her leaving the very air seemed to be free of the sinister and reckless spirit which she disseminated.

But Laura had crept back, timidly, but wide-eyed. And Frank Bailey put out his hand, and shook mine silently, leaving without a word.

And then I was alone again with the girl I loved, and there was not anything that could ever again come between us while we lived.

THE END.

Study Your Own Make-up

(*Continued from page* 13)

may not remember, is a little Pittsburgh beauty-popularity contest winner who was given her chance in the movies—and is succeeding. She took any little roles she could get, in comedies, cheap feature pictures—anything, for experience, until now she has earned the coveted honor of leading woman in an Elmer Clifton production. So her climb up the ladder is progressing.

"Did you find the people who worked with you nice?" I asked her.

"There were both kinds," she admitted. "I will say, though, that I've never been 'insulted' and have been treated only with the greatest respect. I found that some of the cheaper stars with whom I have worked, and whose names, obviously, I can't mention, were 'upstage.' They were very affable to others who played the leads but quite haughty and supercilious to all of us in minor parts and the extras. However, that isn't necessarily true of all the stars. I'm sure many of them are very cordial to the rest of the company."

"Weren't you thrilled when you got your first chance to play leads?" I asked her. Alyce recently went to the coast to play leading roles in Western pictures.

"Do you know," she laughed, "I always pictured the time when I should have my first opportunity for leads, and imagined how thrilled I would be. But when the time came, what do you suppose thrilled me most?

"The chance of learning to ride horseback!"

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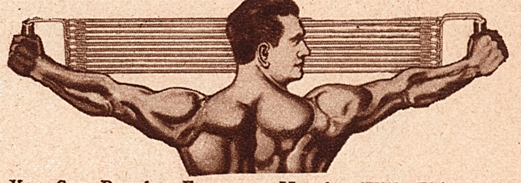

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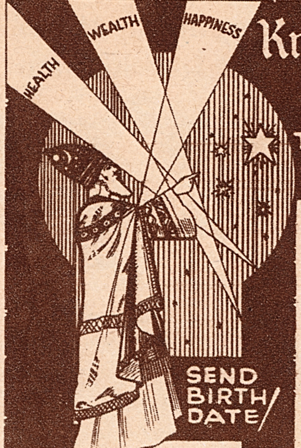

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Play Reviews

(*Continued from page* 17)

learns for the first time that he is a father. He wants the child for his heir and adopts him accordingly, but prior to that the two women make a pact in which Mrs. Anson Pond vows to mother the boy as her very own.

Mr. Clive Brook bears a close resemblance to Kenneth Harlan, but does not impress us as being in any way important. Miss Compson displays some unsuspected ability as a dancer and, as always, she is no trick to look at. The Roger Wolfe Orchestra, under the leadership of Mr. Lange, continues to provide the best spot in the entertainment.

◇ ◇ ◇ ◇ ◇

"VIRTUOUS LIARS"

Seven People in Love at Once

A Whitman Bennett Production, directed by Mr. Bennett. Presented at the Rialto Theatre, New York, with the following cast, Edith Allen, Maurice Costello, David Powell, Dagmar Godowsky and others.

It is not often that we see a picture in which the supporting cast is better than the actress playing the principal role, yet such a phenomena is to be seen this week at the Rialto, where "Virtuous Liars" is being projected five times every day. Miss Edith Allen, a comely enough young woman, has over-reached herself in essaying the lead in this production, and would have been infinitely better situated had she waited until possessed of more experience. A half open mouth and a pair of dilated eyes cannot always be used effectively to interpret the chromatic gamut of intricate human emotions.

This film deserves the palm for one reason in that it earnestly and honestly tries to avoid the cheap and melodramatic, although many opportunities were ever present in the form of vampires, murders, etcetera. The theme gives us a hexagonal love affair, in which everyone is mis-mated, and is further complicated at the start by the presence of a seventh individual who pries his way lustily into the story until he is removed by a heart attack. This is none other than our old friend, Maurice Costello, playing Josiah Wright, a wealthy patron of the Arts and of Edith Banton (Miss Allen), who has turned artist when her unfaithful husband decamps to Cuba and leaves her and her child behind. Mrs. Banton then poses as a widow to facilitate her rapid rise in Art, and meets with great success almost at once. Not long, however does she remain fancy free, for her great beauty attracts the nephew of her patron, a young Doctor, who is practically engaged to wed a very wealthy but choleric demoiselle. All goes well until the Uncle dies and Mrs. Banton finds herself the heir to about a half million dollars. This has come to her as a slight token of his regard.

Jack Banton, her husband, is carrying on a terrific flirtation with a charming Cuban, who in turn is very warmly admired by a native. As soon, however, as Banton reads about his wife's good fortune, he takes the next boat home, kidnaps his child, distracts the mother and then appears when she has compromised herself with the Doctor and announces his intentions of remaining very much married. At that instant the door opens and in walks the swarthy Cuban (Dagmar Godowsky), who has lost no time following her American. Between them they succeed in blackmailing Mrs. Banton for the sum of fifty thousand and are congratulating themselves when there appears the Cuban admirer, who has long harbored a desire to kill the American, and he loses no time in putting it into effect.

Heavy, heavy are the weight of wordy captions in "Virtuous Liars."

Milton Sills Tells How "The Sea Hawk" Was Made

(*Continued from page* 12)

heart, Frank Currier plays the Basha of Algiers.

The picture was taken off the coast of California. They went on location at Catalina Island for three weeks, where the company of four hundred lived in tents. The rocky coast of Cornwall was represented by Carmel and Del Monte, California.

"We all worked very hard and enthusiastically to make the picture a success," Mr. Sills said in closing. "Frank Lloyd, the director, has made a stupendous production, which all think—and hope—will prove to be a great picture."

How a Screen Star's Cold Cost $10,000 a Day

(*Continued from page* 14)

sidered wearing them in place of Mr. Sherman for, say half this amount on a cash basis transaction. But, unfortunately, none of us were consulted, or invited.

Perhaps, never before in the history of the medical profession has there been such an expensive cold sore on record. The Famous Players organization has a sense of deep appreciation for matters of record, and also one of humor. But in this case no one connected with the company can be found who thinks the record is worth the cost involved.

Of course Lowell has recovered, looking just about the same, which is pretty good according to a large number of fans. And the picture is being shot right along without further interruptions. But, there is one great fear in the mind of the studio manager, and in the hearts of Mr. Zukor and Jesse Lasky. They know that the cold sore season is safely behind them for another year. But, Spring is here. And, wouldn't it be terrible if Rudolph Valentino telephoned in tomorrow and reported an attack of the fever associated with budding trees, peeping grass; the return of the organ grinders; open street cars, and the urge within young men's hearts that lightly turns their fancies to thoughts of love?

With Rudy *hors d'combat*, the wheels that are slowly making a finished picture out of "Monsieur Beaucaire" would cease to turn and the entire works would certainly be out of step, indeed. Would not this prove a good argument for a movie company, like Famous Players, to take out beauty insurance on its principal players? In this wise, they would be protected from colds, mumps or whooping cough, when a screen star became suddenly indisposed with some unsightly affliction that would make all of his feminine admirers shudder with horror.

We think there is a thought here.

My Own Story Of My Trip Abroad

(*Continued on page 11*)

with us, said she was glad that *she* had seen it in Rome.

But my sister, none too critical, of course, was enchanted. She had, she naively informed me, no idea that I was "as good as that!"

I felt that after all the years I had struggled to win from her that look of admiration and respect, "The Four Horsemen" had finally done the trick for me, where my early smoking and other feats had dismally failed . . .

We have had three days of Milan. And we have gone about and have seen as much as we could see. We didn't attempt to do a very great deal in the town. Milan would take the most casual tourist at least a month. The same, somewhat, as Florence and Rome.

But we did see the surrounding country. Motoring, of course. Which is the only way to see a country. And we saw gorgeous scenery. Beautiful sunsets and sunrises and moonlights.

OUR hotel, incidentally, would have shocked the habitue of New York or London hotels into an ague. Or even the smaller and supposedly less pretentious hotels of those cities. Or, for the matter of that, the hotels in Rome, which are marvelous. But here, at Milan, we had the "Royal Suite" at the Hotel Cavour. Once again, we needed such sense of humor as we could work up. When one travels, one should never leave one's sense of humor behind! This "Royal Suite" was utterly minus carpets of any kind. Bare boards were our floor and fare. The telephone was not working and showed neither sign nor inclination of ever doing so. And the corners of the rooms were frescoed with cobwebs of antiquity and grace!

Of course, when one comes more or less direct from America, the land of efficiency and expertness and service, one is apt to find everything slow. People, service, events themselves, take on the aspects of snails. And one forgets that it is in all likelihood only by contrast to activity that is too rapid, if anything.

But, for instance, I'd ask for a bottle of mineral water. There is no ice and the water is served in bottles, which require that you search about for a bottle opener, if you do not happen (which *I* do not), to have one hanging on your fob! Then, after you do open the bottle, you find it almost hot. And bad. Very bad. Result: It has taken about an hour to get the water bad, with no ice and hot as it can be. They have no idea at all of speed, comfort and service. Don't know the meaning of it.

I have often pondered upon the beauty of leisureliness. But I find that leisureliness, like most things, is comparative. It is all right when you want it, and quite the damnable reverse when you don't want it. And one of the times when you most decidedly don't want it is when you are summoning to your side food or drink.

On the whole, my country is a beautiful country if you *are* at leisure. But if you are nervous or in a hurry, if you are busy and want things done expeditiously and well, it is not the country for you. Nor is it the country for any kind of work, especially motion pictures.

When I think of the studio work in America, the many, many times that one is told to report in make-up, and does report in make-up, say at ten in the morning, or earlier, and is still standing in make-up at three in the afternoon, still not having done a stroke of work, I shudder to think of what one might have to do here in Italy. In fact, the most provoking part, the only provoking part of picture-making, is the waiting that is occasionally necessary. I have not had to do so very much of it myself, fortunately for me, but I have seen others do it, and I marvel at the art that is required to throw one into an emotional crescendo, or perhaps, a moment of abandoned farce, after standing about, inert, for hours at a time. Nothing is more dulling to the faculties and emotions than listless waiting. Waiting. Nothing is more tiring. It is simple enough to come to the studio in the morning, all keyed up for a big scene, and plunge directly into it, heart and soul. At least, it is simple compared to the ordeal of standing about for weary hours and then be expected to show the flair and fire of any early star.t

In Italy the studios are the most antiquated things I ever saw. They haven't begun to "modernize." And if you should want to build interiors . . . my imagination balks . . .

We have enjoyed Milan. Of course, *I* enjoyed it, because it held my sister for me. And Natacha got a fair amount of rest. I tinkered with the car and we took marvelous rides, and tomorrow we start on our way again.

Florence, September 4th.

WE LEFT Milan in the early morning. This time we had quite a lovely road. When I can put in a good word for the roads of my country, I want to do so. There are so many times when I must put in words quite the reverse.

On this road, it had rained and the inevitable dust had settled down in peace and quietude. The road was practically a straight line, 300 or 350 kilometres from Milan to Bologna, on the Via Emilia. This is one of the old Roman roads. Of course, it is nothing like the concrete roads we have in American, but those old Roman roads are good roads for all that, and you can make good time on them. Naturally, too, there is not the traffic on them that makes motoring over the good roads in America so tedious and difficult.

We stopped near Parma for luncheon. Whenever we struck a town, we sped through it. We didn't want to stop at any regulation hotels. Both of us are so tired of hotel food. We stopped, instead, at little wayside inns, where we got fresh spring chickens, marvelous bread, marvelous butter and marvelous wine.

The peasants in Italy eat surprisingly well. Better than the townfolk, it seems to me. Their food is wholesome and pure. Spiced and heavy, of course, but wholesome. I am tired of French "cuisine." Then, at these wayside inns, there were the pergolas covered and laden with grapes. Of course, you must look out for flies! Every sort of poetry, it seems, has its leaven of not-so-charming reality. But it is intensely interesting, none the less, and if you overlook the smaller and more annoying details, you find yourself pervaded by a charm to be found nowhere so potently as in Italy. This is not partiality on my part, for, after all, I do admit the flies!

We saw some very beautiful peasant types of women through this country. But in the cities, as I have said in various ways before, neither in France nor in Italy, did I see *one beautiful woman.* And so, once again, Natacha and Auntie agreeing with me, we came to the conclusion that all of the best-looking women are in America. No one can beat the American girls. Not only in looks and carriage, but the way they dress, the knack they have of fixing themselves. Awfully pretty, and if they are not actually pretty, then they are awfully cute. Or smart. Or something. Whatever the details may be, the effects are quite utterly charming.

Italian women are blonde or brunette, depending on what part of the country they come from. This is a point I have often had asked me in America. So many men have said to me, "All the Italian women are decided brunettes, eh, Rudy?" But they are not all brunettes. The territory they spring from decides that to a great extent.

A beautiful Italian woman is absolutely Madonna-like, but there are very few nowadays. Even in Italy, the Madonna type is becoming what you call "out of style." And also, here in Italy, the women do not know how to dress. They are antiquated. Out of date.

NATACHA was immensely admired wherever we went. But I became rather angry about that. In one of the cafes we stopped at for supper, there was a group of officers present. And they sat there, boldly, without attempt at camouflage, looking her up and down. I was just about getting ready for a good fight. Then it came to me that I probably did the same before I left Italy. I had forgotten that it is almost a custom of the country. A habit. But I felt resentment, because it really wasn't a look of curiosity, polite or otherwise. It was a sort of mental undressing. The very boldness with which they did it should have disarmed me. For all the boldness of it, *because* of the boldness of it, I suppose, there was also a sort of naive innocence. It was stripped of all subterfuge, all attempt at concealment. In America, decidedly, had such an event taken place, I would have risen and smashed the offenders in their several jaws. But in this case, it was so palpably the thing they did when they were interested, it was so obviously a custom of the country and of the Italian men, that they would doubtless

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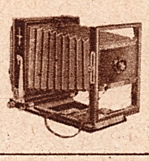

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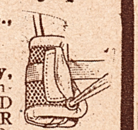

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have not known what it was all about, what I *meant*, had I taken umbrage and offence.

No one paid any attention to *me* whatsoever. I was not known. There are hundreds of Valentinos in Italy far more handsome than I can ever hope to be. I was absolutely in the background. In America, I think, my type stands out somewhat. But in my own country I am simply one of many—most of the many with greater claim to physical distinction than any I might hope to make.

After all, it only goes to prove what a vast difference frontiers can make. In one country, a thing is a slur and an insult. In another country, it is but the habit of the day. In one country, a thing is immoral. In another country, it is ethical. In one country, beauty is a matter of black skin and oiled hair. In another country, black skin and oiled hair are heathen and fit only for purposes of freak exhibition. Standards of morality, standards of courtesy, standards of beauty and charm, all are subject to the crossing of frontiers, to the embrasure of territory.

In Bologna, I had my first accident. Fortunately for me, it turned out to be humorous rather than serious. When we got to Bologna, we went through the town, and it was just at sunset that we arrived at the piazza. There was a telegraph pole there, and the telegraph pole was in the shade. The pole was painted a grayish color, the same as the ground, and I was just crawling along (for a change), looking around, when Natacha said loudly, "LOOK OUT! LOOK OUT!"

I said blankly, "WHERE?"

And, so saying, *I was into the pole!*

I only bent the fender, but I got sore because it was my only accident, and what with all the criticism of my driving, I was sort of pridefully bent upon achieving a record for myself. A record without blemish, all the fearful talk to the contrary. If I could only have arrived at my journey's end with a triumphant flourish, and a "There, what have you all been talking about? Not a scratch! Not a flurry!" But I hadn't that opportunity to boast. It never rains but it pours. I had another little accident the same day. I must have been more than ordinarily day-dreaming, or scenery-blind. For, as we were going along one of the country roads, I ran right into a little car with an ancient crone driving it. She was as mad as a hornet. Literally paralyzed with anger, such of her as hadn't been previously paralyzed by age. I did no harm at all, as a matter of fact. And in common justice to myself and my own skill at the wheel, I must record that this especial circumstance was the fault of another autoist, and not mine. He came steaming along behind me. I tried to avoid him sharply, skidded, and ran into the old lady's small cart. I hit the side of the cart with my first wheel. The old woman started cursing me in Italian. For all I know, she may be standing there cursing me yet. And if her vocabulary of profanity and ferocity of her anger are any omens, she probably is. From what she said, I could imagine that what I had done was the supreme outrage and insult of her life. It will doubtless give her something wherewith to enliven her evenings for the remainder of her infuriated life.

One of the delights of motoring in Italy is that the country changes with every province you enter. The customs change. The types of people change. The way they dress changes. Even the breed of animal changes. Everything. As we entered Tuscany, we noted these things particularly. I am ever on the lookout for animals, which so nearly became my lifework, and here I pointed out a bull with very long horns and of a peculiar, grayish-white coloring. We met a cart with two of these bulls on the road and I stopped and had my picture made between the two of them.

It was growing late by this time and we kept going steadily after this brief stop, because I had to cross the Appenines. They are even worse than the Alps. Not so high, of course, but the roads are more serpentine and one needs a really greater amount of dexterity at the wheel. In the Alps there are not the short hairpin turns that one finds in the Appenines. I couldn't enjoy very much of the scenery at this point of the trip. My scenery consisted in the wheel of the car and keeping my eye strictly upon the stretch of road immediately before me.

We finally arrived in Florence at eleven o'clock at night, covered with layers of thick, white dust and utterly exhausted.

Of Florence, city of lovers and Art, I shall write tomorrow!

Some of Valentino's most interesting adventures take place in Florence! Be sure to read all about the famous screen star in this lurid Latin city next week in Movie Weekly!

If Your Income Is $500,000 Would You Punch a Clock

(*Continued from page 5*)

and social chatter, a bedroom for resting purposes, a boudoir where Mary makes-up. Then there is a dining room, and, of course, a sumptuous bath.

Why does Miss Mary Pickford go to her office every morning?

Because she is the moving force behind a vast organization that has its beginning in her studio, and ends only at the edges of the earth. Miss Pickford's pictures, as you may know, are shown as far east as Japan, which is where the sun comes up out of the sea; and as far west as the Golden Gate of San Francisco, which is where the sun spends the night, according to a booklet issued by the Chamber of Commerce in that city. Mary Pickford has a hand in her picture productions from the moment her story is decided upon. And this decision is generally made, first and last, by the star.

"If I got over to the studio late, 'the boys' (speaking of the whole works from office boys to cameramen, et al.), would soon be getting there late. That means delay all day long. Consequently, when there is work in my office, and there is always plenty of it, I am there at eight so we can start shooting at nine sharp in the studio," she declared.

Miss Pickford picks every person who takes a part in her pictures and this casting is done in her office. She gives the once-over to the records of work accomplished, work incompleted, and work planned far ahead. She hears what the bookkeepers have to say for themselves and those who are in charge of keeping up with the progress of her pictures from place to place. Mary also reads what the papers and magazines have to say about her.

It is a peculiar mixture, this mingling of the practical and artistic in a movie actress who has won the heart of the world in the role of "poor little rich girl" and "rich little poor girl." But Mary says it is a very necessary blend. And I believe her!

The Men That Girls Forget

(*Continued from page 3*)

almost instinctively or intuitively, I should say, whether you'll remember him or not. No matter how short a time he may be in your presence, it's long enough for him to make a definite impression. If it's in him, he'll make a good impression in ten minutes; if it isn't, ten years wouldn't be sufficient time for you to 'recall' him in, later on."

We'll admit it all sounded pretty logical to us. "Tell us," we begged, "about some of the different kinds of men you've met."

"That won't be so difficult," declared the fascinating Anna, "inasmuch as I've known about the same types that are familiar to every girl. I'll mention the types of men I don't remember, or rather, don't want to remember."

"Ahem," began Miss Nilsson, in a business-like manner, "Exhibit A—The Home Boy. This class is familiar to every girl—unfortunately—I use the word advisedly. He lives away from home. He has come to the big city to seek his fortune, as it were. At any rate, he seeks out a girl, a victim, I should say——"

"To park himself on," we supplied.

"Exactly," returned Anna Q. "He likes to come early and stay late, to sit in your living-room and have you read to him while he smokes his pipe and strokes your hair. He loves opera—on the Victrola. 'There is nothing,' he confidingly tells you, 'in this gadding about. Home is the place.' And be assured that home is the place you'll always be until you get rid of him.

"Then there's the college boy——"

"With a line like a cable," we broke in.

"Yes," agreed Anna. "He comes to town at vacation time and tells you how much it means to a fellow to meet a regular girl."

"That the co-eds at his college are bad news from home."

"Right!" declared our hostess. "His interests are in the college yells, the campus gossip, how he fooled the wise old Prof. and passed the exams —with a lot of goo about the 'dear old Alma Mater' thrown in for good measure.

"Then there's the famous caveman, with his 'what I want I take' attitude."

"And he usually takes the air," we suggested.

"Indeed he does, if a girl has any claim to a sense of humor at all. He really isn't a bore, though, just merely amusing.

"Then there's the Don Juan. Each morning he sends violets or sweet peas with a saccharine note hidden somewhere in the bouquet. He phones at noon to see how things are with you. He calls in the evening; he doesn't leave you a minute to yourself. He kills you with attention and bores you to death."

"Oh, please, kind lady," we pleaded, "aren't there any nice men left?"

"Indeed there are," smiled Anna, "I know, for I'm married to one. The men that girls remember are the kind, considerate, well-balanced men. The extremists in men, as in everything else, are taboo. If a man is clean-cut, ambitious, interested in the things you are interested in, you are likely not to forget that man. And luckily," concluded Miss Nilsson, "there are more of this pleasing type in the world than all the other annoying kinds combined."

So, you see, there's hope for us, after all.

Cake Eaters are No Longer Popular With Flappers

(*Continued from page 9*)

vanity bags! Tearle didn't start out life as an actor, but as a boxer and billiard marker!

At sixteen years of age, he was a billiard marker at the Wyndham Hotel in London, and was also a prize fighter in the Old Kent Road District of London. He was a crack billiard player,—as all markers must be,—so much so, that when a man played a game with him in the billiard room, that man didn't have to pay for playing if he could beat the marker.

"But one day,"—Tearle had told me this about his beginning at another time,—"the janitor wasn't on hand, and the owner of the hotel wanted me to go down on my hands and knees and scrub up the place. I refused. We had words, and I was fired.

"As I was going out, I met a theatrical man-

DHASSI—Author, lecturer and student of Astrology is only 29 years old. His life has been so crammed with adventure and travel that he has material for many books without stirring out of his studio again. As a Lieutenant in the army for the cause of the Allies he was wounded twice. Since his return from abroad he is devoting all his time in this country to the study of Astrology. He brings a message of good cheer to his many friends far and near.

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"I'm a big talking and walking doll. I'm over a foot tall.; I can say 'Mama' and if you hold me I will walk with you. My eyes close and go to sleep when you lay me down. My hair is bobbed and you can comb it like a real baby's.

"When I come to you I am dressed in a pretty romper suit with bonnet to match, shoes and stockings; but when we go visiting you can dress me in party clothes. I think you will like me best dressed in my rompers all ready to play with you.

"If you want me to come and be your own dolly, be sure to write Aunt Tillie. Do this for me today. Please do."

We have already given away thousands of dolls. Now we will send this big beautiful doll free to advertise our business—a favor you can easily do. Write me today.

SOLVE THIS PUZZLE | 16 | 15 | 12 | 12 | 25 | 1 | 14 | 14 |

What two words do these figures spell? The alphabet is numbered, A is 1, B is 2, etc. Can you make out the two words? Send your answer today.

Send No Money Not a penny of your money is wanted now or later. Just write your answer to the puzzle and send your name and address. I will at once send you our Big Free Doll Offer. You can soon have Polly Ann. Send your answer today.

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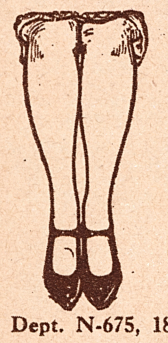

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ager I knew,—a man who had often come in and played a game of billiards with me,—and whether he thought that a good billiard player would also make a good actor, I don't know, but at any rate he offered me a small part in a show he was putting on. I did it to his satisfaction, and he soon gave me a good part.

However easy that may sound, acting is in Tearle's blood, for he comes of a long line of theatrical people. That's how he happened to take up boxing. He spent a whole season in the ring, and bears the marks yet.

"I still box, and don't mind the punishment," he explained to me. "But it was a precarious living I got, amid surroundings that seem like squalor now. My manager got most all the money, I found afterwards. He gave me only enough to keep me alive. But," he grinned, "I was within one notch of the championship when I got a chance to go on the stage."

Tearle is an American, though he and his family went to England in his early boyhood, and he received his stage start there. He was born in New York City.

He went into pictures in 1917 with Miss Barrymore. He had just finished two years in

We Wish to Say

That, commencing with next week's issue of Movie Weekly, the photoplay reviews will be written by Harriette Underhill, star film reporter of the *New York Tribune*.

For months Movie Weekly has been striving to secure the services of a top-notch critic who would give its readers the best critical opinion on the latest photoplays.

Now, in Miss Harriette Underhill, Movie Weekly feels that it has done this. Miss Underhill will review the current pictures for Movie Weekly, absolutely without fear or favor, and the readers of Movie Weekly may expect honest reports on the latest movies, the watchword of which will continue to be—the TRUTH, first to last. Watch for Harriette Underhill's reviews.

In next week's issue of Movie Weekly.

On the newsstands Thursday.

"Mid-Channel" with her and when she was signed to do "The Nightingale," she insisted that Tearle work opposite her,—she wanted a man green as she was to pictures, so that her lead couldn't steal the picture!

Wanted: A Blonde Leading Man

(*Continued from page 7*)

"You mean you think the Valentino vogue is on the wane?" we asked him.

"No," he said. "What Valentino has will always remain. I do think, however, that some of his imitators, who haven't his peculiar grace and charm, will pass."

We fell upon some oysters and in a minute or two were at him again.

"Where do you think he would come from?" we inquired.

Mr. Walsh considered.

"I think," he said slowly, "that he would be found in one of our colleges. He would have to have *class*, look well and dress well, and these things are matters of education. You can't take a farmhand or a plumber's apprentice and make a Chesterfield of him. This particular type of chap would have to look well in a bathing suit and look well in a dress suit, and the two things don't always go together."

"No," we returned. "We used to hear girls talk a long time ago about certain fellows who were wonders on the beach, but whom they were ashamed to talk to when they were dressed in their regular clothes."

"Exactly," Mr. Walsh agreed. "Now, Wallie Reid was a very fortunate combination of both. It will have to be someone who has the same qualities—big, good-looking, light-haired, with a nice, winning smile. Give me that man and I'll make a star out of him."

So there you are, boys. If you qualify or think you do, get in touch with Raoul Walsh. You may have what he wants.

The White Sin

(*Continued from page 20*)

tell all. Why, she asked herself bitterly, should she offer herself up a human sacrifice for Preston Van Gore.

"Grace," she said finally. "I have something to tell you. Preston, your brother, and I were married last night."

"What?" she almost shouted in her astonishment.

"We were married," Hattie Lou continued calmly, "by the Captain. He will tell you so, Grace. But your brother was cruel to me this morning, and I am going away from him now forever."

Hattie Lou's words had a stunning effect upon Grace Van Gore. For a moment or two she merely stared at the girl before her, wetting her lips and swallowing convulsively. Her next movement was to reach up and ring a bell which communicated with the crew's quarters of the yacht. A minute later, one of the yacht's crew appeared and Grace gave him an order.

"Tell Mr. Van Gore to come to me, please!" she said.

Grace Van Gore stared straight ahead of her with hard, unseeing eyes.

"Why didn't you tell me, Preston, of your marriage?" she asked frigidly when he appeared in the doorway.

"My marriage?" he repeated with an attempted lightness! Why, that was just a joke! The marriage was a mock affair, and we all knew it was such."

Hattie Lou's mind reeled under his words.

"Mock affair?" she cried. "Oh, Preston, no!"

He smiled an oily, sickly smile.

"Why, yes," he answered, "it was all a joke. The Captain married us and he has no legal power to perform the marriage service."

Hattie Lou, without another word, left the youth's stateroom and went into the passageway, where, at the far end, she stared out across the waters of the Sound, the hot tears rolling down her cheeks. In the stateroom she had just left, she could hear Grace Van Gore bitterly upbraiding her brother for the thing he had done.

Hastily gathering her things together, Hattie Lou waited until Preston Van Gore had gone above. Then she went quietly in to say good-bye to Grace. She found the latter weeping silently, and she knew that in her at least she had a friend and not an enemy.

"Good-bye, Grace," she said softly.

The sister of the man by whom she had been tricked into a false betrothal, reached up and put both arms around Hattie Lou's neck.

"Oh, Hattie Lou," she cried, "you can't go like this!"

Hattie Lou was quite calm by now.

"Grace," she said quietly, "I have only one wish —and that is never to see your brother again. Good-bye, dear."

The older girl reached back of her and from a handbag drew out a heavy roll of bills.

"There's four hundred dollars, Hattie Lou," Grace said. "When you need more, come to me."

Hattie Lou took the money and picked up her bundle of belongings.

"Good-bye," was all she said.

And with that she was gone.

LATER in the day, with the *Narka* well at sea, Preston Van Gore sought out the Captain in the pilot house of the yacht.

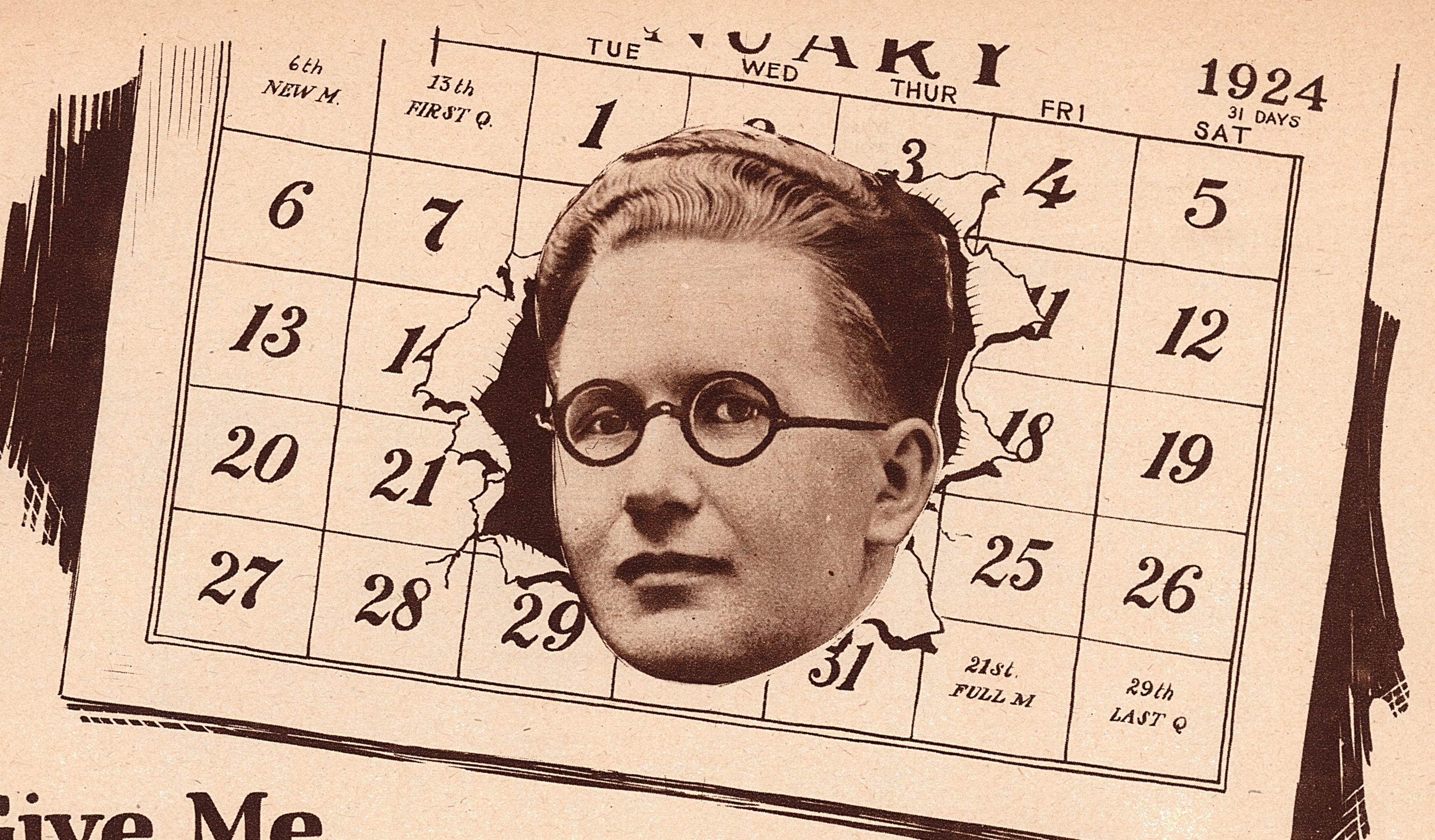
"That girl you married me to last night," he said, with a humorous shrug, "thought it was legal."

The Captain turned a cold eye upon Preston Van Gore.

"Well," he replied, "she was right. I married you while the yacht was at sea, which made the marriage absolutely legal."

Preston Van Gore fell back in amazement.

Thus did Hattie Lou start out into life with nothing save her two hands to guard her from the forces of the world. How she fared will be told in next week's issue of Movie Weekly.



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Up to now many people believed that when hair fell out and ordinary measures failed to grow new hair, that the roots were always dead. But from close observations made while treating hundreds of cases of thin, scanty falling hair—I found that in a very great many instances the hair roots were *not dead*—but merely *dormant*. The question is how in the world can hair-tonics and so-called "restorers" ever grow hair when they do not even *approach* the cause of falling hair—dormant hair roots.

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My treatment is the result of long years of experience spent at Heidelberg, Berlin, Paris, Cairo, Geneva and other centers of scientific research. And I believe that—for the first time in the history of dermatology—my method provides a means of penetrating *directly* to starving hair roots and supplying them with nourishment to make them grow new hair.

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WANTED: A BLONDE LEADING MAN-- See page 7

Movie Weekly

April 26, 1924

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